Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE. MECHANIC ARTS. LITERATURE. NEWS, &c.

Vol. XXXIX. Augusta, Maine, Saturday Morning, April 29, 1871. No. 21

Maine Farmer.

HOMAN & BADGER, Publishers.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

Trying Experiments.

A great many good farmers often have strong desires to try experiments, and a large proportion of the articles contributed by them to the agricultural press, contain the so called results of these different trials with manures, seeds and what not. This spirit is highly commendable, inasmuch as it gives evidence of advancement on the part of the farmer, shows that he desires to throw brain work into his farm work, and regulate some of his operations at least by the highest intelligence he possesses. But after all we doubt very much if all the experiments ever tried by all the farmers in New England have ever settled a disputed point in agricultural economy, or established a rule of operation to be generally followed by our farmers with the feeling that like results could be produced. Nothing in the way of agricultural experiments has ever been attempted in the United States, to our knowledge, that will at all compare in thoroughness or far reaching results, with those made during the past thirty years at Rothamstead, England, by Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert. Where experiments are made reaching over a period of fifteen years, to ascertain a single point in the cultivation of a single grain, or for a period of eleven years to ascertain the value of certain substances in the fattening of pigs, with the most minute records of every point and condition in the proceedings—and when these are regarded as incomplete, what must our farmers think of the little experiments they conduct—almost always confined to a single year—and the "results" of these little trials about which they talk?

Prof. Voelcker, who has conducted some of the most important agricultural experiments in England during the past dozen years, published some years since in the journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, the conditions to be observed in carrying out agricultural experiments in the field, the opening statement of which is: "To perform a really instructive experiment in the field, in a rational manner, is a far more difficult matter than many people seem to be aware of; indeed, if we review the published accounts of many experiments, it cannot but strike us that most of them were undertaken without any definite object." And yet this was said not of American, but of English experiments. With how much greater force can the remark apply to our own aimless, hap-hazard, defective experiments, about which so much is often said. To guide those, however, who wish to conduct some experiments, and who possess that amount of intelligence and patience necessary for the task, it may be well to call their attention to the conditions to be observed as laid down by Prof. Voelcker, giving them in the briefest form possible.

1. Experiments should be made within a narrow space. While the extent of the area must be determined somewhat by the nature of the crop, it may be safely said that the twentieth part of an acre is generally sufficient.

2. The field selected should be level, uniform in quality, and in good condition. Something should be known of the condition of the land for some years previous—what manures have been applied to it, and what crops taken off. The trial of certain kinds of fertilizers often prove nothing, because the land upon which the experiment was made was at its highest pitch of excellence before, so that no further application of manure could produce any result.

3. In experiments with manures, regard should be had to the time and mode of making the application. Some field trials ought to be commenced in autumn; others should be reserved for the spring months. On grass lands experiments should commence in the fall—for on such land it is desirable to try the effects of manures that are abiding in their action, that become soluble in the soil gradually, and are not rendered available so soon as other manures. In all experiments with fertilizers, especially with concentrated manures, care should be taken to secure their uniform distribution. All such fertilizers should be applied by weight.

4. Experiments should be made as simple as possible. The great fault is that most of them attempt too much. Let experiments be made to embrace as few points as consistent.

5. In all experiments with manures, reserve two or three plots on which no manure is applied.

6. Note every peculiarity of the season—whether wet or dry, cold or warm, early or late. In dry seasons many of the most valued fertilizers remain inactive, and in fact at times produce an injurious rather than a beneficial effect.

7. Be careful to note the progress of the experiments. Frequent observations as to the appearance of the crop should be taken, and any peculiarities noted down at once on paper. Nothing should be trusted to memory.

8. Let every experiment be made with a definite object in view, be it to clear up some disputed point, or put to practical test some theoretical notion. It must not be forgotten that notwithstanding all the care that can be bestowed upon them, unforeseen circumstances may altogether spoil the result. The man conducting experiments must not hesitate, if necessary, to throw the result of three or four years' labor into the waste paper basket, before he gives the public any conclusions from his trials.

9. Finally, in order to be truly valuable, all trials should be continued for a succession of years, and if possible on a variety of soils, so that from a great number of experiments we may eliminate the disturbing influences which the variations in soils universally produce on the general result.

The Herstine Raspberry.

We give this week a fine illustration of the "Herstine Raspberry," originated by Mr. D. W. Herstine, of Philadelphia. It is one of several thousand seedlings raised by this gentleman, and was produced by planting a row of Philadelphia and Allen side by side and propagating from the seed of fruit produced on the Allen. A committee of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society was appointed to report on the plants, and from their report we give the following description of this berry:

"Plant a good grower, most abundant and early bearer; suckers moderately; canes strong; spines green, but not abundant; foliage healthy, of medium size, and often lobed, of a pearl gray color on the under side; fruit large, oblong, with small grains and cinnmon color; flavor sub-acid and very good."

In this latitude it will need winter protection.

The Hay Crop a Specialty.

In sending out our circular of inquiry last fall, for information regarding the weather, crops, &c. of 1870, we requested correspondents to write us their views on the lessons of the season, with such suggestions as they deemed important to be enforced. The responses to this request were numerous, many of them quite lengthy and containing important observations. These have been reserved on account of the large number of communications with which we have been favored during the winter, but there are facts and useful hints in many of them which we shall hereafter make use of. The following from the pen of Hall C. Burleigh Esq., of Fairfield, one of the most prominent farmers in Somerset county, President of the North Kennebec Society, and a gentleman who has for years been largely engaged in buying, fattening and selling cattle, will be found to contain sound views, which will meet the ready approval of every reader. His remarks have lost nothing of their force from being kept till now before being given to the public; in fact, we think there is better hope of his suggestions being heeded and put in practice than would have been the case had they been printed at the time they were written. We bespeak for the views of Mr. Burleigh a careful reading:

"My Dear Sir:—The great and important lesson to be enforced upon the minds of the farming community of Maine, is to raise more good hay, and feed it to a better class of stock. Look at the vast amount of cattle Maine sends to market annually—from two hundred to fifteen hundred per week, at least 25,000 per annum. Now estimating these cattle to weigh 700 pounds each, and to bring nine cents per pound, and we have $15,750, minus freights and commissions to return to the pockets of the farmers of Maine. Now let every farmer in the State make a specialty of his hay crop—cut all he can, and cut it early, cure it well, then feed it to a better kind of cattle (the best is none too good. If one farmer is not able to buy a bull to improve his stock, let a neighborhood club together and buy one; only be sure and improve the stock), and instead of having the cattle leave the State as they do now, have them average 900 pounds each, and good enough to bring eleven cents per pound; then note the difference. Instead of $15,750, we have $24,750, and it will cost but a trifle more to get the improved stock to market than it will the ordinary.

Now a great many that have been and are plodding in the old way will say, 'why, this can't be done; my cattle are as good as anybody's. I can make more raising potatoes, or selling butter. I can't commence my haying until I get done hoeing. My father made money farming, and he sold oats and potatoes for twenty-five cents per bushel, and why can't I, when I get fifty cents?' Our fathers did live by their kind of husbandry, and we are having to pay for it; and some are paying dearly in trying to renovate the old, worn out potato and oat fields. But if they did make money then, it is not certain that we can do it in the same way now. The times have changed. Then good beef brought three to four cts. per pound; now the best is worth almost four times that amount. In a word, I would say to the farmers of Maine, raise all the good hay and roots you can, and feed them carefully to the best cattle you can get, carefully saving all the manure to raise more hay with. Yes, make a *specialty of the hay crop*; whatever you plant or sow, be looking forward to the hay crop, as the crop for farmers to depend upon."

Prof. Voelcker's Opinion of Ashes.

Our faith in the value of wood ashes as a fertilizer has always been strong, and we have often taken occasion to present testimony of their worth from whatever reliable source, practical or theoretical, it could be obtained. That which follows is from Prof. Voelcker, the eminent agricultural chemist, without doubt the highest authority upon such matters in Great Britain. It occurs in some remarks of his before the council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, in which he stated that besides containing potash, wood ashes also contained phosphate of lime in considerable quantity, carbonate of lime and sulphate of lime. He then said: "The application of wood ashes amounts to the same thing as a dressing of potash, a dressing of bones, a dressing of gypsum, and a dressing of marl; and this must surely account for the greater benefit which wood ashes produce in comparison with potash alone. I would rather buy wood ashes therefore, by all means, than potash; for potash contains only one of the above constituents. There is a good deal of potash in ashes, and although they may have been washed (leached) they still form silica of potash." After the above, we place greater confidence than ever in ashes, and can with more faith urge our farmers to save and apply them to the land. Just think of it—by using ashes you are the same as applying "a dressing of potash, a dressing of bones, a dressing of gypsum and a dressing of marl." Therefore, save every bushel of ashes, leached or unleached, for your farms.

Our correspondent E. Moor, who has thirty bushels of ashes to use, and who makes inquiries in regard to the matter, is informed that applied liberally as a top-dressing to grass land, or composted with other substances as a fertilizer for the corn hill, they will give the most satisfaction. But get them on to the land, in some way or other—the results can hardly disappoint you.

Protect the Weak.

Our correspondent M., writes in a forcible way, of the importance of farmers protecting the weaker portion of farm stock—the truth of which is no doubt experienced by every careful farmer. There is almost constant need for care and solicitude in this direction, and watchfulness here is always sure to bring its reward. The weak ones of the flock and the defenceless ones of the herd are dependent upon the farmer for protection; and he who refuses it or neglects to furnish it in proper measure and when needed, is not only guilty of a breach of humanity, but blind to his own interests. The instance mentioned by M., of the injury resulting in almost instant death of a valuable steer, one of a "pet pair," from being turned into a yard among older cattle, is only one of many almost constantly occuring, but seldom reported in the papers. No farmer can afford such losses when they can be so easily prevented. Sheep should never be allowed to run with horned cattle, and separate yards should be provided for young and old stock, or the two not turned out together. The strong should never be allowed to crowd the weak. By separating them the former can take care of themselves, and the latter placed in condition to gain and become a source of greater profit to the owner. It is one of the farmer's duties to protect the weak and nurse the feeble among his various farm animals.

"A Farmer's Vacation."

We call attention to a series of articles with this title, commenced in the present issue of the Farmer. They are from the pen of one of our special contributors, and will be perused with interest by every reader. The articles have been on hand some time, but will now follow in succession each week until completed.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Farmer's Vacation---No. 1.

The mechanic, weary with the monotonous toil of ten hours of daily labor, continued week after week and month after month, takes a brief respite from the continuous outlay of strength for the purpose of recuperating his vigor by a change. He goes to the mountains, to the lakes, to the shore, or visits his friends in the country and finds the relief sought. The clerk and the tradesman, each in turn follows the same trail for the same purpose. The lawyer throws aside his books and disrobes himself for the time of his law, and goes fishing or sailing. The good parson, granted leave of absence by his generous parishioners, gains new life and energy by laying aside his sermon paper for a few weeks, and putting himself in contact with other minds and other people; or, communing with nature, finds "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything".

Why should the farmer alone be deprived of the pleasure and the advantages which a little well spent leisure is sure to bring? He feeds all, he clothes all, he pays for all; and great indnstry is required to enable him to do it. But with his toil as many of the pleasures of life should be mingled as is consistent with his circumstances. Besides it is not time wholly lost; the farmer needs to know what is going on in the broad world about him; he needs broader ideas than can be gained at home; he needs to go abroad among the distinguished farmers of the country, and avail himself of that knowledge he cannot gain when confined to his own acres. The summer is a busy season, and little is the time which can be spared for any purpose but the labors of the farm. The winter comes with its drifting snows and its biting cold, the flocks and herds are a constant care, and with these and his duties as a citizen and a man, the farmer finds little leisure for travel, and gropes in darkness for want of the light which a little well spent time would bring.

With the wood piled high in the yard, and a generous pile of muck deposited in a convenient place for future use, I cast off my train, laid aside my moccasins, and donning the "best suit," started one pleasant morning on a tour of inspection. The first objective point was that "city of notions," believed by its enthusiastic admirers to be the "Hub of the Universe." Those people who are constantly clamoring for the practical in agriculture may be at a loss to see any connection between the city of Boston and practical farming, and therefore may think that any allusion to it in the agricultural columns of a paper will be out of place. Such conclusions should not be drawn too hastily. There centres two of the great agricultural interests of the Eastern States—the produce markets and the trade in agricultural implements, seeds, &c. The one centralizes the surplus productions of the humblest farmer situated at the utmost extremity of public conveyance, as well and as surely as the productions of the wealthy and more favorably situated, to feed the hungry thousands dependent upon these markets for their daily bread. The other disseminate the vast productions of workshops, situated in almost every county in New England, busy in shaping from the crude material found in our forests and mines implements for lightening the labors, and facilitating the operations of the farmer. Every farmer, then, when visiting that city, in addition to other objects of interest, should not fail to spend a portion of his time in looking over the markets, and the agricultural warehouses and seed stores. He will find that Boston is interested in practical agriculture, however little the interest which the practical farmer manifests in it.

There are many lessons for a producer to learn from an inspection of these markets. He will find that choice articles always bear a premium and always meet with a ready sale. There is a wide difference between the amounts received for a mutton carcass weighing thirty-five pounds at five cents per pound, and one weighing a hundred and fifty pounds at twenty cents per pound. Probably the heavy carcass cost the producer no more per pound than the light one; and while the latter was sold at a ruinous loss the former brought a liberal profit. Many beef sides are sold for eight cents, while others quickly sell for sixteen. Choice fresh turkeys have steadily sold for twenty cents or upwards, while at the same time tons were offered for ten cents. These extremes are not confined to meats alone. Farmers are receiving seventy-five cents per pound the year round for their butter product, while tons of butter from New York and Vermont, not quite up to the proper standard are now selling for twenty-eight cents, and Western "grease" is dull at twenty cents. Factory cheese was placed upon the table costing twenty-five cents and comparatively cheap at that, while the bulk was selling at fifteen cents. So it is found all through the market, though in vegetables the extremes are not so great. But in every possible product that can be thought of, choice articles find a ready market and sell at high prices. Producers can draw their own conclusions.

The most extensive collection of agricultural implements is found at the warerooms of the Ames Plow Company, Quincy Hall. Here may be found every imaginable kind of an implement for the farmer or horticulturist, from a garden rake to a Pindle steamer for steaming food for stock. The only thing particularly new discovered was Sessions and Knox's patent Hard Steel Plows. These are a new thing, having been in use only one year, and are only made by this firm. Each piece of the metal comprising the plow is made by a process which converts about one third on each side into steel, and allows it to be hardened as much as fire and water can make it, while the centre remains soft or maleable. This combines the two desirable qualities of toughness and hardness, hitherto not secured in the same metal, and gives them a surface which may be highly polished, and which will offer little resistance when passing through the soil. The castings are much lighter too than those of ordinary plows. The plows are made from Knox's draughts, which have heretofore made the Tiller series of Eagle Plows so deservedly popular. The price is only one dollar per plow more than the same pattern made from ordinary cast iron. The plows thus made appear to be an improvement, and I have no doubt when put to a practical test will not disappoint expectations.

F. F. Holbrook & Co. have on exhibiton at their warerooms their Swivel Plow for level land plowing, which is not entirely unknown to the farmers of Maine, as it has been exhibited at many of our State and county fairs, though as yet has been but little tested here. This is a valuable plow. It performs its work admirably and leaves no "dead furrows" or ridges. These recommendations are not from the proprietors, but were obtained by personal inquiry of intelligent farmers who had used them on their farms.

Most farmers in Maine have been content to use a plow if it but turned the furrow, while the pulverizing was left for other less capable implements, and at a cost almost, if not quite, equal to the cost of plowing. If there are any progressive men who wish to turn the furrow and *pulverize it at the same time and in the same operation*, they will look in vain among the plow makers of Maine for the implement to do it with. This difficulty should not deter us from availing ourselves of improved implements for facilitating the labors of the farm, when it can be done, however much we would like to encourage home productions.

Z. A. G.

For the Maine Farmer.

Ventilating Dwelling Houses.

By your permission, I will give my mode of ventilating dwellings. In the start I plan my house so that partitions will come to the chimney, then in each chimney build a separate or air flue from the bottom. In each room I put in a small cast iron ventilator near the top of the room. They look neat, and can be opened or shut by a small line at pleasure. As another reason why partitions should come in contact with chimneys is to make the rooms safe from fire. In fifteen rooms in my house, fourteen can have fireplaces or stoves and not one pass through wood in any way. S. Dill.

Levant, 1871.

For the Maine Farmer.

Cold Frames.

If the readers of the Maine Farmer delight in early lettuce, cauliflowers, or cabbages, they should grow the plant in cold frames. Thus grown they are much earlier than from seeds sown in the open ground, or even from those raised in hot beds. I wintered four hundred cabbage plants with entire success in a cold frame six feet square, and double the number could have been put in the frame and grown equally as well. I planted the seed the 10th of September, and transplanted into the cold frame the last of October. The plants were set deep in the ground, so as to cover the stems of the leaves where they connect with the main stock. If this is neglected the frost splits the stock and they are destroyed. I covered this frame with two hot bed sashes, 3x6 feet each; but did not put them on until the ground had frozen two or three inches deep. When the weather grew colder I covered the glass with straw mats and did not uncover again until the first of March. There was about one foot of frost in the cold frame and the plants were in a dormant state all winter. The first of March I uncovered the glass and tilted up the sash on the north side, so as to give plenty of air. The heat of the sun on the glass took the frost out in a day or two. I then removed the hot bed sash, and left the plants without any protection with the exception of some cold nights when mats were thrown over them.

The plants appear perfectly hardy, and if the ground in the cold frames should freeze, it does not change the color of the plants in the least. I did not lose even one of the four hundred that I put in the frame in the fall. Cabbage or lettuce plants raised in this manner can be planted out the first of April, on dry land, and will be fit for the table a fortnight earlier than those from hot beds. M. A. Walton.

Alton.

For the Maine Farmer.

Advice from a Maine Man.

To those—young or old—that want to leave the good State of Maine for some other place, I would say go before you sell out and look for yourselves and I'll warrant that nine out of ten of you will go back better satisfied with the old place than you have been for years and it will rise hundreds of dollars in your estimation. Read Mr. Poor's recent article in the Farmer and take up with his advice. I have no doubt he has drawn a true picture of many a family that has left New England for the West (I have been there.) The farmers in the West are badly in debt and are promising to pay 20 to 25 per cent. for money; taxes are high and wages and crops are low. Many an acre of wheat this last year has not more than paid for harvesting, threshing and marketing. So they have lost their seed and the labor of putting it in. If you, in Maine, would manure and hoe your crops half as much as the farmers here in Connecticut do, you would get double what you now do, and you would be much better satisfied with your farms in the good old State of Maine. Geo. W. Jones.

Branford, Conn.

For the Maine Farmer.

My Mode of Growing Potatoes.

As the time for planting potatoes is at hand, and as we obtain from them one of the most useful crops that is produced in Maine, it is well for us farmers to give our experience in raising them; for we are all aware that our mode of raising potatoes now is a far different one from what it was forty years ago. Then they would *grow* and also yield us a good crop if put in the ground most any way; now they require more thought and attention, and the question to-day with every farmer is, "how can I obtain the most potatoes off an acre of land that are fit for market!" Some say they yield the best to plant them in drills about one foot apart, leave them whole; others tell us they procure the largest crop by planting in drills fifteen inches apart, cut the potatoes in two. I have tried many different ways, and never found any so good as to plant them in hills, about three feet apart, the rows to be wide enough to plow or cultivate between. I take my large potatoes, cut them up one eye in a piece, and put two pieces in a hill. In so doing I get but few small potatoes. I have found where I planted in drills that I got more

For the Maine Farmer.

Transferring Bees.

There are several important objects to be gained by transferring combs and bees from a common to a movable comb hive. We not only have them in our power to swarm artificially, but generally in better shape for storing surplus honey, and where we can Italianize if we wish to. Bees usually work with greater energy after having been transferred than before, providing the job be well done. The operation is not a formidable one at all, as many might suppose, and even the beginner may commence without aid if he has common ingenuity.

Arrange the new hive by removing all the frames and nail a bottom into each if there is not one already. Get out a little strip of wood for each frame as long as the inside, about three-eighths of an inch wide and three-sixteenths thick, and nail it to the under side of the top-bar, and sharpen the lower edge. Make a transferring board a little larger than the frames, on which spread a few thicknesses of woolen cloth, and you are ready for operations. Select a hive with broad, straight combs, and after blowing into it a few whiffs of tobacco smoke, (a sheep fumigator will do if one on purpose is not at hand) carry it to some place away from other bees. Remove the bottom board and pry off the side, then with a thin, sharp knife cut out a comb and brush the bees off into the new hive. Lay it on your transferring board and trim off the edges so it will fit into a frame. Cut along the top in the centre to receive the three-eighths strip above mentioned. Now in putting on the frame, bed this strip into the above cut and bring the sides and bottom down around the comb. Bring the frame to an upright position by taking with it the cushion board to support the comb until it is up. Set it carefully into the new hive, and repeat the operation until all is done. Now carry the hive steadily to its old stand, and the bees will soon mend up the combs, and be all right in their new home. If at any time during the performance they should be disposed to sting, blow a little more smoke on them and they will immediately come to terms. Again, if the frames are deep or the combs new and tender, they will need a support in the middle of the frame made with the strip on the under side like the top bar. The three-eighths strip on the under side of the top bar holds the combs into the frame and saves tying them in with strings or sticks, or worse still, daubing them with rosin and beeswax to hold them in, as many do. Transferring is practicable at any time after it is warm enough in the spring until swarming. I would not advise one to transfer later than the first of July, and in no case after a hive has cast a swarm. There is less honey and brood in the way in April and May than at any other season.

G. W. P. Jerrard.

Levant, 1871.

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Alton.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Ventilation of Dwelling Houses.

I saw the inquiry a few days since in your columns, "how to secure proper ventilation" in building a house. Though not of that number specially invited to respond, yet having read and studied much upon this important subject, I thought I might say something upon it that would interest and benefit your readers.

We are continually breathing; therefore a constant supply of fresh air is indispensable to life and health. Our houses,—*sleeping rooms especially*,—churches, schoolhouses, shops, &c., should be amply supplied with fresh air, with outlets for the impure air, that the lungs may be able to perform their duty. It is lamentable to see so great a part of our New England farm houses built as though the inmates were not breathing creatures! The economy of fuel has been sought without a thought of how the lungs were to obtain the amount of oxygen needed to supply the vital forces with pure blood. The old-fashioned fire-place was a constant ventilator, but the small chimneys and stoves that have taken its place give us no substitute and the builder has provided none. The question arises how, with the purest method of warming by stoves and furnaces, are our farmers to so construct their houses that there will be no oppressive feeling so often noticed on entering the apartments of a house whether occupied or not. In brick, stone, or concrete houses, flues can be made in the walls as they are laid up, leading from the foundation to the top of the building, with small opening on the outside under the eaves and cornices. Or in the same way as in frame houses these flues can be easily made by the addition of pieces of boards or scantling set up about six inches from a piece of studding, in the sides and partitions of the house, making a flue or box for the escape of the air inside, by openings as above described, protected by a few inches of slats made like window blinds, slanting far enough to be a protection from storms. The arrangement of flues should at least be so as to have two in every room, and when possible, on opposite sides of the room and remote from the stove or register of a furnace. In finishing the inside there should be two openings in each flue (or ventilator), one at the floor and one at the upper part of the room, provided with a wooden door hung in the centre as in railroad cars, or a cast iron register made on purpose, obtainable in almost any manufacturing town in New England. When the room is warm open the upper one, if cool shut the upper and open the lower registers. In sleeping rooms *all* should be constantly open. There should also be a fresh air box connected with the furnace, (when the house is warmed with one). If stoves are used it should be so arranged as to have openings under or back of the stoves. When there is no method of warming a room the fresh air opening should be in the part of the room farthest from the ventilators. Thus there will be a current of air always passing through the rooms when the ventilators are open, securing good air in winter without the chill felt by the opening of a door, so dreaded by the weak and those with poor blood. But the door does not generally get open as often as needed. In the still, breezeless days of summer by opening all the registers and suspending a burning lamp in the ventilators and sprinkling the floor with cold water, a breeze will be felt. With a ventilator in the centre of the house, it may be a flue opening into or in the chimney to ventilate the cellar (as that apartment needs ventilation quite as much as any other part of the house) and with windows that may be let down at the top at pleasure, will be a great blessing to any household. How many will try it?

Those houses already built may be tolerably well ventilated by letting the windows down at the top. How many of the readers of the Farmer have their windows fixed in this way? I know at least a good many who have not thought enough upon the subject to act. Husbands, can you read this and not feel a responsibility resting on your shoulders? Or will you go on in the same way, having hot, uncomfortable sleeping rooms in summer, and close, confined air in winter? Well, if husbands and fathers will neglect and think "it's no use," wives and daughters, let me tell you how to obtain the desirable end without the cost of even a cent and only a few minutes time. Find a chisel or hatchet and hammer; raise the lower sash and fasten it, or hold it on your shoulder, and with the chisel and hammer remove the pieces that hold the back sash and cut of about half of it and then replace the lower part. Pull down the upper sash, the paint may make it stick, if so pull hard. A grateful breeze will reward your efforts, and a freshness in the air will be secured that cannot be obtained by raising the lower sash.

But you may ask what shall we do when we wish it shut, or only slightly open? as we cannot put on springs. Get a smooth piece of wood about an inch wide, half an inch thick, and as long as is needed to hold the sash firmly in its place. Then cut notches in it an inch apart and you are provided for any emergency in the way of air rooms. Visit every room in house, from kitchen to attic, not leaving any room thinking "it will do well enough without".

M. E. Cox.

North Vassalboro'.

For the Maine Farmer.

Fertilizers and their Application.

My experience is that manures containing straw, hay and the like should be plowed under, but those containing little or no straw should be spread on. Coarse manures will rot much sooner if plowed under and they also serve to lighten the soil and this is the one great want of those old farms which have been cultivated many years. Other manures should be applied on or near the surface, first, because if applied in any other way they lose much of their fertilizing properties by evaporation and by wash, while if applied on the surface in small quantities each year the crops receive all or nearly all the benefit,—and second, because the labor of application is much less. Viewing a fine farm burdened with a splendid crop of grass, I remarked to a friend on its fine appearance, that ten years before it was one of the poorest farms in the town, and that two things had made it what it now is. One was, the present owner had built a barn and with it a large, fine cellar in which he kept his farm manures until he was ready to use them, thereby saving all the solid and—the other cause was, he applied the greater part of his manures on his grass as top dressing.

I once had a field of grass nearly run out and not able to plow it, spread on about three cords of manure to the acre for three years and now it is as fine a field of grass as one would wish to see.

I have found plaster one of the best fertilizers for grass land on clay loam but not on sandy soil; and should like to hear the experience of those who have used it on such land.

Portland. W. S. N

Woman's Department.

From our Correspondents.

Cultivation of Flowers.

It is surprising to me that so many of our farmers' wives and daughters neglect this pleasant employment. Many excuse themselves with the plea—"I have no time to cultivate flowers." Now this I think is a mistake. I believe there is no one who cannot find time to plant and tend a few flowers, however much she may have to do. I know a woman who, two years ago was cook, chambermaid, dairymaid and housekeeper for a family of five persons, with a dairy of seven cows, who had the greatest variety of flowers of any one in the neighborhood. Of course the busy farmer's wife cannot tend and keep in order extensive grounds, but any one can have a small plat where she can grow flowers enough to clothe this busy life with beauty and grace.

A writer on the subject in the *Country Gentleman* gives a list of what she terms "essentials" for the benefit of beginners. But as it comprises forty-nine varieties, amounting at catalogue prices to about six dollars, I fear the beginner who would to commence on a small scale would be as much puzzled to make a selection from it, as from the catalogue itself. First on the list, in my estimation, comes *Phlox Drummondii*; whatever else you have, be sure and have that. It begins to bloom almost as soon as it begins to grow, and continues in bloom until the frost comes. If you have but a square yard of ground and ten cents wherewith to adorn it, send for a packet of *Phlox Drummondii*. Astors are among the most perfect flowers we have, but they are a little late in blossoming. With a little trouble they may be started in boxes in the house, so as to get them earlier. The ten-weeks stock, (double) is fine for bouquets, and very fragrant, and if potted in the fall will blossom all winter.

The different varieties of *Dianthus Heddewigii* and *D. Laciniatus* are beautiful, and mine, which were sown last season, have withstood the cold, and are in fine condition. Petunias are very desirable, and for ten cents one can buy a packet containing eight kinds. Balsams, both Camellia and Rose-flowered are very beautiful. The Sweet Pea I consider indispensable, both on account of its beauty and delicious fragrance. A five-cent packet of Mignonette (*Reseda Odorata*) will last, with prudence, three or four years; and who would dispense with Mignonette? There are many dwarf varieties which make a fine show in the garden, but I prefer flowers with *stems*, that can be arranged in bouquets and placed on the table or the mantel, where as I go about my household labors, I can feast my eyes with their beauty and inhale their perfume.

I have thought it best to notice but few kinds, but they are all leading varieties, all easy of cultivation, and all blossom profusely. With a little pains one can save seeds from the most of them, and so have their money to expend next year for new varieties for it is with flowers as with other earthly possessions—the more you have, the more you want. C. B.

How we Managed it.

"I do wish I had something to read," is a remark quoted by M. S. C., in the "Woman's Department" of a recent number of the Farmer. I will tell you how we did in this town, where the small village contained a few professional men, county officers and reading citizens. We made a list of what we wanted—Atlantic, Harper's, Littell's Living Age, Young Folks, Harper's Weekly, &c., perhaps $20 worth at our best terms; that is, by clubbing these together they can be got at less than the regular subscriptions. Then we got as many in our club as convenient, eight or ten families, each paying its share. All the magazines come to one address, and are taken and read and returned. At the year's end we meet, or part meet with the consent and knowledge of all, and sell at auction the whole volume of each magazine to the highest bidder. They usually sell at half price, so some get all this reading for $1.50 or $2. I have bid off different years, Young Folks, Harper's Monthly and Littell's. Some of the club get their share of money out of the proceeds of the sale, and others get the books for which they only pay the value above their dividend. If all sell for $10 and ten subscribers, and I bid off Young Folks for $1, I do not pay any money, but he who buys Littell at $3 pays in $2.

We have also a library of books, $2 membership fee and 50 cents each six months. We have now 110 volumes at the above cost to each member. It grows every six months. We have a good librarian, who keeps the account with each member, and keeps the library in his law office gratuitously.

Z. E. Jamieson.

More about Watering Plants.

I have kept wiudow plants for a dozen years or more, have always watered them with well water, and have always had good success with them. I have roses, carnations, heliotropes, geraniums, maple-bell, calla lily, verbenas and many others. The verbenas I grow in glass tumblers, and keep them very wet. My maple bell I have kept in a pot that would hold about three quarts of earth, and have kept that very wet too. I have not changed the earth since last fall. The flower buds of the verbena and maple bell blight if they are not kept very wet. I never fail of having all my plants flower nicely through the winter.

Wellington. Violet.

Several Inquiries.

Will not some of the farmers wives tell me how to black and polish a stove nice with but little work? and oblige.

Also please tell me how to make a cream pie with two crusts. Zylpha.

New Castle.

As I have seen and read a great many receipts in your paper both for cooking and coloring, I thought perhaps some one of its numerous readers might inform me how to color cotton red or crimson; if so, they will oblige M. I.

Winslow.

Will Mrs. M. L. G. please inform me through our column how much warp she allowed to a yard for her rag carpet, and also the number of the reed she wove it in. Mrs. L. B.

North Auburn.

Useful Receipts.

In a large family i have had ample opportunity to test the following receipts, and know them to be excellent.

Stains in Linen may be removed by dipping the linen in some buttermilk, drying in the hot sun, then washing in cold water. Repeat the process three or four times, or until the stains are removed.

Ink Stains can frequently be washed out in sweet milk.

To Cure Burns. When the skin is not broken apply immediately a mixture of salt and molasses. It is a remedy which every housekeeper has on hand and it works like a charm. For old burns and painful sores I have generally found it superior to anything else.

Onion Sauce is made with one-fourth pound of fresh butter and a good sized onion, simmered together and strained when hot.

Manchester. Prudence.

Raised Doughnuts.

Two cups sugar, 3 cups new milk, 3 tablespoonfuls cream, 3 of yeast, 1 teaspoon saleratus, a little salt; spice with cinnamon or allspice. Let them rise over night in a warm room.

Beef-tea for Infants.

Cut the steak very fine, put it in a bottle and stop very tight; set the bottle in a kettle of cold water and let it boil three hours. Then drain off the tea and salt to taste. One pound of steak will make a cupful of tea. This is not only good for infants, but it is a most nourishing food for the sick.

Augusta. Mrs. R. G. Bennett.

How to Wash Flannel.

Wash in two hot suds, hot as you can bear your hands in comfortably, rinse in scalding, not boiling, water, wring dry; dry quick and your flannel will be white, not fulled up, and very soft.

Lena Moor.

A Pork Pudding.

One cup chopped pork, 1 cup of molasses with 1 teaspoon soda stirred into it, 1 cup of raisins, 1 cup of sweet milk, all kinds of spices, flour enough to make a stiff batter; steam four hour. For a sauce take 1 cup of white sugar, put into one cup of boiling water and pour upon two well beaten eggs, flavor with lemon and add a small piece of butter.

Cream Pie.

For two pies take 1 cup white sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup sour milk, 1 cup butter, 1 teaspoon soda, flour enough for a batter, bake on tin plates. When done have the cream ready made as follows. Heat a pint of milk scalding hot. Beat 2 eggs, 2 spoonfuls of flour and 4 of sugar together and stir it into the milk until it thickens; flavor with lemon and add a little salt; pour it on to the lower crust and cover it with the upper one; frost if you choose. L. M. B.

Freedom.

Receipt for Coloring Blue.

One ounce of prussiate of potash, 1 tablespoon of copperas, 1 tablespoon oil of vitriol, bring to a boil in a brass kettle. Then put in the goods for twenty minutes, then rinse in clear warm water. This will do for five pounds of goods.

Litchfield. Ida Gertrude.

Ginger Snaps.

One pint molasses, 1 large spoonful soda, same of ginger. Beat these together for five minutes, then add half a pint of water, butter the size of a hen's egg; mix hard, roll thin. This make a large pan full. Mrs. A. E. B.

To Take out Iron Rust.

Dissolve a little oxalic acid in water and wet the spots with it. Lay the fabric in the sun for a short time and the stains will disappear.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Charms around our Homes.

We beg no reader to pass the following on account of its length. It contains truths which should be practically enforced in every home.

The means by which country labor shall be rendered attractive to boys and girls is becoming a subject of earnest discussion by the rural press. The great tendency, so plainly and painfully manifest, of our youth to leave the wearisome and plodding life of plow-boys and potatoe-diggers is waking up our agricultural thinkers to the importance of surrounding country life and country labors with the charms, the honors, the festivities, which of right belong to them. Especially now that the toils of the field and furrow begin to press, and every pair of hands on a place, little and big, can be profitably employed, our thrify farmers need to see to it that "all work and no play" shall not make of "Jack a dull boy." Sprouting potatoes isn't very lively employment, especially in a dark cellar and for two or three days at a time. Picking up stones will make even a small boy's back ache and his fingers sore if long continued. Piling brush is pleasanter work, if there is a promise that a bright blaze shall follow it. All this drudgery will be performed with nimbler fingers and a lighter heart if there is a promise of fishing or kite-flying to follow it. But, what is even better than this, give the lads a plot of ground of their own to cultivate; let them have early peas, tomato plants, peach trees, grapevines, chickens, sage plants of their own, time in which to cultivate them, full facilities for realizing every penny possible from their sale, and enjoy the fruits of their labors in the full privilege of investing their profits in whatever they choose, acting, however, under the advice of their parents. Not only should the boys be encouraged to love farm industries, but the girls should have an equal chance. Let them have strawberry plants, bees, flowers, beds of herbs to cultivate, pet lambs and their increase, a percentage of the butter and cheese made by their labor, or the milk sold in the care of which they have a part; and if you would have them develop into normal, contented, serene womanhood, give them an equal chance with the boys. If your son John is old enough to earn half a man's wages, don't cheat your own flesh and blood out of the just fruits of his toil. If Mary earns as much as a hired girl washing dishes and cooking for the farm hands, give her of the labor of her hands. The old Mosaic law, "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn," has never been abrogated. If even oxen—dumb, patient

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, April 29, 1871.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.
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☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases a valid receipt for money's remitted by him.

☞A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us the name of the office to which it has been previously sent, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

Mr. S. N. TANBR will visit Kennebec County during the month of April.

M. V. DARLING will canvas Penobscot County during the month of April.

Mr. EDWIN G. BRIMMER will call upon our subscribers in North Penobscot and Aroostook during the months of April and MAY.

Mr. C. S. AYER will call upon subscribers in West Somerset during the month of April.

Our Common Schools.

State Superintendent Johnson has issued a circular, addressed to School Committees, Supervisors, District Agents and Educators in Maine, urging them to a most serious consideration of the educational questions of the day, to a recognition of their own influence and duty, and to a more earnest activity in the discharge of their responsibilities. In particular he suggests certain directions in which by cooperative efforts much may be accomplished toward the promotion of common culture and the advancement of the "daily public school." These suggestions are on the following points, viz: 1st, the exercise of the greatest care in the selection of teachers; 2d, the examination and certification of teachers before they are selected or employed; 3d, faithful and searching inspection by committees and supervisors into the work of the school room; 4th, a change in the course of common school study, rejecting much that now uselessly occupies the learner's time, and introducing some new branches that are of higher importance; 5th, increasing the attendance on the common schools by all rational means at command; 6th, awakening the interest of parents by discussion, agitation, mild, rational, conscientious, that they may be convinced of the propriety of the various reform measures that have been or are to be inaugurated; finally, active co-operation among educators.

Mr. Johnson does well to urge discussion and agitation in order to the formation of an intelligent public opinion in regard to the various projects proposed for the advancement of popular education. A measure not supported by public opinion is shorn of most of its influence for good, and, if too far in advance of that opinion, it gives occasion for a damaging reaction.

We are especially struck with the good sense of Mr. Johnson's remarks about the subjects study in the common schools. We quote:

"Eradicate from the course of common school study much of the present rubbish of higher algebra, puzzling arithmetical conundrums, superfluous guessing at words, termed parsing, and the futile memorizing of geographical names. Much of the time of our youth is wasted in these aimless exercises. It should be borne in mind that the school life in this State is short—from the fifth to the seventeenth year. The average length of the school year is but twenty weeks, thus giving the child really but five whole years in which to obtain an ordinary education. Now this ordinary education ought in our State to embrace the following studies: reading with spelling, writing with drawing, arithmetic with mechanics, geography with natural philosophy, physiology or the laws of life and health, grammar with composition, and United States History. Singing, object lessons and calisthenics should be interspersed as pastimes, mental and physical diversions. * * * It will be apparent at once that our youth have no time to waste in frivolous intellectual exercises or puzzles, but should be set to work in right earnest to the acquisition of that which is necessary and useful. Let us therefore drop a portion of the mathematics and grammar, reduce the number of arithmetics to two at the most, the grammars to one, the readers to *three* and the charts, and substitute therefore drawing, mechanics (the simple elements, as lying back of our industrial pursuits) natural philosophy, phisiology, or the common laws of health, and history."

We should be sorry if the introduction of any new studies should subtract anything from the attention now given to reading and writing; indeed we would claim additional attention to these branches. Let it be the first aim of our common schools to teach every child to read and write the English language with accuracy and ease. When this is accomplished, or rather when its accomplishment is reasonably secure, let the other branches of study be introduced in the order of their importance, with some regard to the facilities or want of facilities for pursuing them elsewhere. The realm of definite human knowledge is now so vast that at best the teacher can only hope to ground his pupil in a few of the principals, and give him the equipment by which he may make further attainments. That equipment consists mainly in a knowledge of written English. It is a trite but faithful saying that the press is the great educator. He who is to make an intelligent citizen and a useful member of society must read,—not merely his school books, but the literature of the day, particulary newspapers. Then there are a few other things essential to the successful conduct of life, or of great utility therein, which can better be taught in the common school than elsewhere. First of these is facility in simple arithmetical calculations, which may be considered essential. Then come the other studies set down in Mr. Johnson's schedule, which on the whole we consider a judicious selection, although to carry it out fully, without neglecting any of the essentials, would perhaps require more time, or a vastly better economy of time, than is now afforded by the district schols.

The course of study pursued in our public schools of higher grade is open to the objection that it proceeds too much as if upon the presumption that each youth is destined to achieve a collegiate education. That is the goal toward which the whole routine in many high schools aim, and the success of the school is measured by the number of students it sends to college. Such a course slights the studies that are of most importance to the majority, and often leads them to waste their time and energies on studies that are useless unless followed by a thorough course. It is not practicable for the many to obtain a collegiate education, and it is not desirable for them to take any steps in that direction. To them these preparatory studies are rubbish. Whether the public schools should engage at all in this department of education is a question worth considering. Certainly we should say it is not desirable that the public should, at the present time, burden itself to establish a system of free High schools designed to do the work that academies have been doing heretofore. Every dollar that the State or the town can raise for education is needed by the common schools accessible to the masses. Let our efforts be concentrated upon them, trusting that private resources will supply the needs of the academies, the seminaries and the colleges. If, in so doing, we seem to lower the aim of public education, we shall on the other hand secure to our youth a higher and more satisfactory average of actual attainments.

☞We are glad to learn that A. H. Barton Esq. the Sheriff of Kennebec, who has been for several months past confined to his house by illness, has so far recovered as to feel confident that he will be able to attend the law term of the Supreme Court to be holden in this city in May next.

☞A communication in another column from California, by a young friend, a native of this city, but for several months past a resident on the Pacific, will be read with interest.

☞Rev. W. A. P. Dillingham, a well-known and esteemed clergyman of the Universalist denomination, an able, warm-hearted worker for the advancement of all moral and educational enterprises, and one of the most intelligent and successful agriculturists in the State, died upon his farm in Sidney, after a brief illness, on Saturday afternoon last, at the age of forty-seven years.

The intelligence of his sudden death will be received with surprise and sorrow, not only by the wide circle of friends to whom he was endeared by many noble and generous qualities of mind and heart, but throughout the State, where he was extensively known and honored.

We copy from the *Kennebec Journal* the following notice of the sad event, which will be of interest to many of our readers:

On Thursday evening of the week previous he attended a prayer meeting in his neighborhood and took cold. He was not, however, so sick as to cause any anxiety until Friday last, when he was violently attacked with congestion of the lungs, and died on the following day.

Mr. Dillingham was born at Bangor, Sept. 4, 1824, and was therefore nearly 47 years of age when he died. He was a graduate of Cambridge Divinity School. In 1847 he was settled over the Universalist society in Augusta and remained in that position two years. He was but 23 years of age when he commenced preaching. He was afterwards settled over Universalist societies in Norridgewock, Dover and Waterville in Maine, and in Portsmouth, N. H. After leaving Augusta the first time he returned and again resumed his relations as pastor over the Universalist society, preaching one year. He was connected with a Swedenborgian society in Chicago a year, but last year he renounced all connection with Swedenborgianism and returned to the work of the Universalist ministry from which he had never formally been separated.

Mr. Dillingham took a prominent and active part in politics. In 1864 and 1865 he represented the town of Waterville in the Legislature, and the last year was Speaker. He was Special Agent for the Treasury in Mississippi for a time, also one of the original Trustees of the Maine State Agricultural College. He took a deep interest in agriculture, education and public enterprises, giving them a strong and earnest support. He had a fine farm in Sidney, upon which he was living at his last sickness, which he has cultivated for many years. Less than a year ago his wife died. During the last winter he was actively lecturing in his vicinity, and arrangements had been made to have him preach regularly in Sidney and West Waterville the coming season. But he has gone down in his prime, and all who knew him will feel a pang at the intelligence. He leaves two sons, now in Dartmouth College, and one daughter. He was a man of marked ability and thorough uprightness of character. The funeral services were holden at Sidney on Tuesday, and the remains of the deceased were brought to this city and interred in Forest Grove Cemetery.

☞We learn from the daily *Journal* that the Directors of the Maine Central Railroad have bonded the lot of land in this city with the buildings thereon from Market Square south to Court street, giving them the entire heater piece of land east of the railroad track to Water street, from the point where the track crosses Water Street near the machine shop, north, to Market square. This takes in Granite Hall block, the brick stable adjacent, Wingate's lot, the stores and lots of Wendenburg, Enright and Sheahan, and Means' bakery. The property is about one hundred and twenty feet front on Market Square, and extends on Water street about three hundred feet. Should the purchase be consummated by the Company, the present buildings, with the exception of Granite Hall, will be removed to make room for the erection of a large freight depot and other buildings which are needed for the largely increasing business of the road. It is not designed that Granite Hall building will be disturbed in the general changes that will follow. The lower stories will either be leased to the present occupants or used by the company for offices, and other purposes.

☞Henry S. Jones, a well known resident of this city, and for several years past an inmate of the poor asylum, while on a visit to his friends in Lewiston last week, was instantly killed by being run over by the cars. The Lewiston *Journal* says that as a freight train was switching upon the bridge over the canal, near the Androscoggin depot, Jones stepped on the track just ahead of the train. The bell of the locomotive was ringing, and some of the employees of the railroad noticed the man as he came up over the dump, and shouted to him to get off the track. The man probably did not hear the outcry or the bell, as he was an old man, 69 years of age, and quite deaf. The rear car struck the old man, knocking him down and crushing his limbs, body and head, killing him instantly. An inquest was held on the body and a verdict rendered in accordance with the above statement of facts.

☞We were grossly imposed upon last week by some unknown scoundrel who, under the signature of Amos H. Dodge, sent us a fabricated account of an accident at the Eaton School in Norridgewock, resulting in the death of Charles H. Jones of Fairfield, a pupil of the school. The story, as we learn by a note from Mr. Jones, is absolutely without foundation in fact, and the motive of the heartless fabricator of the hoax is entirely beyond our comprehension. If by any means we shall be able to discover his identity, the scoundrel will be likely to find the indulgence of his propensity for practical jokes, so far as we are concerned, a costly one.

☞Mr. George Heath, a laborer employed upon E. C. Allen & Co's building now in course of construction on Water street, in this city, was seriously injured on Saturday afternoon last. While assisting in unloading some timber, a heavy stick fell and struck him on the left leg just below the thigh, tearing off the flesh and breaking both bones about midway between the ankle and knee. Dr. Brickett immediately attended the injured man, and he is now, we understand, as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances.

☞Col. Smith, for the past three years editor and proprietor of the *Somerset Reporter*, announces his retirement from that paper, having made an engagement to assume the editorial charge of the Portland *Press*. Mr. Wm. K. Moody, recently of the Androscoggin *Herald*, having purchased the *Reporter* establishment, will succeed to the business and editorial management of that paper.

☞The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Hosea Ballou, one of the eminent fathers and founders of Universalism in this country, is appointed to be celebrated on Sunday next, in the various churches of the denomination. Services appropriate to the occasion will be held in the Winthrop Street Church in this city—sermon by Rev. C. R. Moor.

☞The ancient custom of celebrating May-day will be revived at Waldoboro. There will be Grand Fantastic Parade during the day under the direction of Mr. E. S. Miller, as chief-marshal, and a Calico Ball in the evening. Chandler's Portland Band will furnish music for the occasion.

☞We learn that ex-Sheriff Hewins has purchased the late residence of Mr. Gilman Smith on State street, for the sum of $2500. The property is finely located, and the judicious outlay of money will make it one of the pleasantest and most desirable residences in this city.

☞We understand that Mr. Jeremiah Fisk of this city, the inventor of the Patent Compound Elliptical Spring, has sold his patent to parties in Massachussetts for the round sum of $16,000.

☞Senator Morrill, at the close of the executive session of the U. S. Senate in May, contemplates a visit to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where his eldest daughter, the wife of Maj. Dunn, of Gen. Pope's staff, resides.

☞Speaker Blaine is expected home from Washington on Saturday next, with his wife. The other members of his family will reach here on Thursday of this week.

ANOTHER "SCENE" IN THE HOUSE.—Among the closing incidents of the late session of Congress in the House, was another of those disgraceful personal altercations, which have so frequently and so shamefully characterized its proceedings of late years. We give the following details of the scene as we find them in the Washington correspondence of the Boston *Journal*:

The House of Representatives, which has devoted so much of the session just closed to personal crimination and recrimination, appropriately concluded its labors with a display of parliamentary pyrotechnics. Gen. Butler led off with a personal explanation, which he has for some days vainly attempted to deliver.

Gen. Butler was heard with marked attention, the members clustering around him, and listening attentively to his scathing sentences.

Gen. Farnsworth claimed the privilege of replying, and indulged in sweeping criticisms, not only of the course of Gen. Butler as Treasurer of the Soldiers' National Asylum, but of the House Committee which had investigated the financial management of that institution. He not only asserted that Gen. Butler, as Treasurer, had had hundreds of thousands of dollars of its money mingled with his private funds, but that he had defrauded the government by selling it an estate at Hampton.

Gen. Butler called him to order once as making a personal attack, rather than a personal explanation, but he was permitted by the House to proceed.

Gen. Butler in reply said that he would not detain the House long while he answered to all the advertised calumnies which have been or might be brought against him, for a committee of the House had examined and reported upon them. This was the conclusion of the report, after a careful examination of the affairs of this institution and of all the witnesses who appeared before them:

"The Committee has also come to the conclusion that the Treasurer, having accounted for all funds of the Asylum which ever came into his hands by correct entries and proper vouchers, is entirely to be exonerated from any charge or suspicion of misappropriation, neglect, or any other misconduct in the discharge of his duties."

"Therefore," Gen. Butler, proceeded to remark, "I brand as false and calumnious, under the finding of that report, everything that has been or shall be said against the President and Treasurer of the National Asylum, and it is for the members of the committee of the House to say whether, after having heard all this testimony which is alleged here to prove perjury, to prove wrong, to prove embezzlement—it is for them to say whether they have been corrupted by me. I have not their honor in charge. Their report is a shield for me against any man."

A sharp dialogue followed, during which Gen. Farnsworth said that any jury would convict him of embezzlement. Gen. Butler retorted by declining to have any further controversy with a man whom he would not believe under oath, who brought forward as witnesses a deserter from the marine corps, who was wanted to have a ball and chain put around his leg, and a Baltimorean, once promoted by him, who had gone down lower and lower until he had reached the depth of being a witness for the member from Illinois. "Now," said Gen. Butler, in conclusion, "I am through with this matter. What advantage does this House give to me, one of its members, when it has ordered my conduct to be investigated, and yet an exoneration by that Committee of Investigation is made the foundation of fresh charges and fresh calumnies direct from——?"

But Gen. Butler was not permitted to enjoy the few remaining moments of the session in peace, for Mr. Beck of Kentucky appeared as the champion of that State. He had read the remarks of Mr. Davis, lacerating the unpleasantness in the Senate between him and Gen. Butler, which he said was severe, and was meant to be severe. Mr. Davis, said Mr. Beck, never told a lie wilfully, neither is he a bully or a blackguard, and the gentleman from Massachusetts can get from him any redress he sees fit anywhere outside of this hall. He then proceeded to narrate how he had seen Gen. Farnsworth, in the presence of fifteen members of the House, shake his fist in the face of Gen. Butler and denounce him. He did not think any white man in the country would take such language from another. Indeed, half of the negroes in his State could not stand it.

"Ah," exclaimed Gen. Butler, "I did not. He is not a white man."

"Well," said Mr. Beck, "I thought that the gentleman from Illinois was a white man. Perhaps he was not."

"Perhaps," said Gen. Farnsworth, alluding to what Gen. Butler had said about Mr. Davis, "it was on account of his old age."

Just then Mr. Beck's allotted time had expired, and Gen. Stoughton, as one of the committee which had investigated the affairs of the Military Asylum, briefly but forcibly exonerated Gen. Butler, and showed that the garbled evidence had been used against him, and thus ended the proceedings of the House of Representatives in the first session of the Forty-first Congress.

☞The Saco *Independent* says the mystery of the recent Joy tragedy in that town has not yet been solved. All the statements made last week have been confirmed by subsequent investigations. It has been shown conclusively that the body found was that of Mary McCarty, and that Henry L. Joy accompanied her to this place. Of him just nothing at all is known, and the statements in some of the papers in this State and Masschusetts in regard to the opinion of the Coroner's jury are entirely without foundation. The jury have not as yet rendered an opinion of it, in fact, they have not formed one, and their investigations are not yet concluded. Of one thing the public may be certain, that the matter will be probed to the bottom, if bottom there be. It is a first-class mystery, and whatever hypothesis is adopted leads into innumerable difficulties. The Coroner and his jury will exhaust all means in their power to find out the truth without fear or favor.

THE STATE LIQUOR AGENCY. The Portland *Press* learns that the investigation by a committee of the Executive Council, into the condition and affairs of the State Liquor Agency, is about concluded, and the result has fully vindicated Mr. Shaw from the gross charges of malfeasance and irregularity made against him in the Legislature last winter. The research has been very thorough, and included an examination into all the books and papers of the agency and much of the private correspondence of the agent. Some of the most damaging reports have been traced to their source and found groundless. Some crooked things were found in connection with the agencies of large towns and cities, which no doubt were attempted to be shifted to the shoulders of the State Agent.

☞The Wiscasset *Oracle* says that quite a sensation was created a week or two ago, in the usually quiet town of Jefferson, by the arrival of Mr. David Lane, formerly of Jefferson, who enlisted in one of the Maine regimonts in 1862. He served until 1864 and was then reported killed in the battle of Chapin's Farm, but it appears from his account that he was taken prisoner and has since been living in North Carolina. Supposing him dead, his wife applied for a pension, which was granted, and in the fall of 1870 she was married to one John Cunningham, with whom she is now living. Mr. Lane arrived home about March 30th, and appears in good health.

☞Professor Greenleaf, well known as the author of Greenleaf's Grammar and other school books published in this State many years since, died suddenly on Saturday 15th inst. in Burnham, at the age of 79 years. He was an educated man, but of eccentric and vagrant habits, having apparently no settled home, and preferring to wander about the country among strangers. He was treated with kindness and consideration during his sickness and his remains were decently buried at Burnham. After his death $180 in money was found sewed into various articles of his clothing, which is held for his relatives if any there be.

☞President Grant on Thursday last issued a proclamation declaring that an extraordinary occasion requires the Senate to convene for the transaction of business on Wednesday the 10th of May next, and notifying the members of that body to assemble in special session on that day.

☞The notes against this city becoming due the current year, and for which provision must be made, amount in the aggregate to $50,454,-00.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from California.

MERCED COUNTY, CAL., Feb. 12, 1870.

EDITOR MAINE FARMER:—While the Kennebeckers are having cold, chilly winds and driving snow storms, and are bundled up in overcoats and mittens in the endeavor to keep comfortable, we are enjoying the most delightful weather. Instead of the hard, frozen ground, white with snow, these plains are green with the grass that is just starting. This is the season for plowing and sowing, and farmers are putting in the seed as fast as possible. In some sections little rain has fallen, and the ground is too hard to plow, but the grain that was sown on last year's plowing is looking finely. Farmers are grumbling and predicting a dry season, just as Maine farmers prophesy about the next hay crop. Every thing is looking better than at the same time last year. Farming is somewhat different than down east—an average farm there would be considered a small patch here. The land is divided into sections of 640 acres each, and these are subdivided into quarter sections. Some of the "ranches," as farms are styled here, contain only a quarter section; but most of them are much larger. The soil is excellent. Nothing is needed but rain enough to wet the ground sufficient to plow, and an abundant crop is sure to be the result. The best land averaged forty bushels per acre last year, and sold at $1.20 on the spot. The plows turn from one to ten furrows at once, according to the pattern. On large farms it is common to use gang-plows six abreast, drawn by twelve horses, under charge of one driver. The grain is sown by a machine, that sets in a wagon and is worked by a chain passing over a cog-wheel on the inside of the hub. At this rate a large piece can be cultivated in a day. We have one advantage over eastern farmers in what is called the volunteer crop. Land that is plowed the first year is simply harrowed the second year, and another crop is raised from the seed dropped while harvesting the first year's crop. This is all clear gain. The grain is harvested with a "header," which cuts a swath of twenty feet—forty to sixty acres a day, and throws the grain into attendant wagons, which carry it directly to a thresher, which sacks it ready for the market. It keeps one man busy in sewing up the sacks as fast as they fill. I passed through one ranch lately, the owner of which informed me that he had one thousand acres plowed and sowed already. Part of it was above the ground, and looking finely. Perhaps it would surprise a Maine farmer to see a single piece of wheat a mile square! there are many larger ones. No mowing among rocks and stumps here. Some of the farms are very large, containing thousands of acres. One Montgomery—a southern man—is one of the largest owners. He is engaged in stock raising, and owns 40,000 cattle. His land, 50,000 acres in all, is divided into several ranches. One of them is enclosed on one side by a picket fence six feet high and ten miles in length. He intends to build a similar one on the opposite side next year. He is said to be worth one million dollars. Miller, another man in the same business, was ten years ago washing dishes in a San Francisco saloon; he now owns 100,000 cattle, and is worth no less than $1,500,000.

It is a singular fact, that every man here that has engaged in this business is wealthy. Imported stock is scarce. The cattle are mostly American, and run almost wild all over the plains. They are all branded with the iron of their respective owners, and by this means are proven when it is desirable to secure them. Most of the horses are of Mexican stock. They are healthy and hardy, and can endure long journeys without injury. They can live on scanty feed when occasion requires, and in every way are admirably adapted to this country. Mules are used a great deal in farming and teaming. The barns do not require to be built as warm and tight as in Maine. On some of the farms the stock is not housed—simply turned into a yard.

Sheep-raising forms an important part of the agricultural industry of this State, and many are engaged in it as extensively as in cattle. One gentleman in this valley owns 90,000 sheep. The climate is very favorable for them; they need no shelter at night, but are driven into a corral—two thousand are considered enough for one man to herd. They are sheared twice a year—June and December; and the profit of the wool and increase of lambs nets a round sum. Many have made fortunes from this business alone. One sheep-owner began the business in debt in 1853, and now owns forty thousand head of sheep and seventy thousand acres of land, all made with sheep. The rich owners let out small bands on shares. In some cases the person to whom they are let receives one-half of the increase of lambs; and in a few years he has a large flock of his own. An acquaintance of mine who came to this State five years ago, took a band of sheep on shares. He is now worth $10,000, and owns 5,000 sheep. If strict attention is paid, they can be surely pay a good profit.

Hog raising is another large and profitable business. They run in herds, and are all branded the same as cattle. Poultry is raised very easy and cheaply, and grow almost spontaneously. They get their own living, require no care, and roost in the trees. They are very profitable, as fowl and eggs always bring a good price in the market.

A railroad is in course of construction up this—the San Joaquin—valley. Thirty miles have been built already, starting from near Stockton on the Central Pacific. It will give quicker means of transportation, raise the price of land, and develop the resources of this part of the State. I have seen some of the sugar manufactured from beets. It is not quite so sweet, but every other way is as nice as the cane-sugar. Several mills have been started, and California expects to produce enough for home use, and perhaps for export. The soil is excellent for beet culture, and this new branch of industry promises to become an extensive business.

The Maine Law is not in vogue here. Rum drinking and gambling are carried on to a fearful extent. That is the custom of the country, but it will probably change for the better as the State becomes more thickly settled. The population is made up of all nationalities—nearly every part of the world is represented here. There are several Maine men in this vicinity, and they are doing well. The southerners are numerous. In Snelling, the county seat, I saw several who were officers in the rebel army; one of them was a member of Mosby's staff. This is a land of adventurers, diving into all kinds of schemes to make a fortune. Some have made their pile within a few years, while others have been here since '49, and still are no nearer its accomplishment. The climate of California is one of its greatest charms. Snow never falls here; the same clear skies and balmy air continue all the year round, and the invalid will find this a pleasant and an inviting retreat. H. S. B.

☞A correspondent writes us from South Montville, under date of April 22d, as follows: "The weather has been quite changeable, but is quite spring like to-day. Grass is looking quite well at this date, in this vicinity. Roads quite good for this time of the year. Hay is selling at $16 per ton; potatoes, 65 cents per bushel; corn, $1.15. There are three saw mills, three stores, and two shingle mills running here, and doing a good business. A good meeting house, with regular preaching, regular prayer meetings Sunday and Thursday evenings—school house, store, shops, &c., together with the farming community, make up the little place called So. Montville, with its active, industrious and well disposed population."

☞The Lewiston *Journal* says Mr. Moses Bailey of Winthrop, is going to put up a large oil cloth factory on the same ground on which stood his large and extensive works which were burned last year.

THE WILTON ELOPEMENT CASE. The Farmington *Chronicle* gives the following facts connected with the recent elopement of Dr. Albion Cobb of Casco and Miss Dow of Farmington to which allusion was made last week.

"The young lady belongs to one of the best families, was well educated, and has heretofore borne an irreproachable character. Cobb is about forty-five years of age; has a wife and four children in a distant part of the State, upon whom his crime must fall like a pall. He was an army surgeon during a portion of the late Southern rebellion and took charge of Wilton Academy in the fall of 1869, if we mistake not. The young lady whom he has ruined, being in not very good health, was put under his charge by her parents, who placed the most implicit confidence in him as a teacher and medical adviser. When too ill to attend school it was his custom to visit her room for the purpose of hearing her recitations, on which occasions, undoubtedly, he succeeded in accomplishing his purpose. A friend informs us that Cobb left Wilton for his home in Casco, on Thursday evening by private conveyance; arriving at the latter point early Friday morning. An intimate friend of the family, who had it from Mrs. Cobb's own lips, says he appeared very much excited, and was, for the first time in his life, rough and unkind to his wife. He had been in the house but a short time when he started out and hired a horse, stating that he must be at the depot in Mechanic Falls, ten miles distant, when the half-past 12 train arrived. Mrs. C. said she would go with him. He made some frivolous reply, stating that he didn't want any *woman* with him on such excursions. But he finally consented for her to accompany him. Arriving at Mechanic Falls, he said he had particular business at the depot and she had better call on some of her friends and wait his return. She did so, but waited in vain, and has heard nothing from him, only that he met a young lady at the depot and went off with her. It is said that Mrs. C. is nearly distracted. Some months since she received a letter from a person in Wilton, which informed her that her husband was rather too intimate with one of his young lady pupils; but she paid no attention to it, supposing it to be mere gossip or scandal. Cobb took with him from his home some $500, leaving his family comparatively nothing, aside from the house in which they live.

A STORY OF HIDDEN TREASURE. The Machias *Union* tells the following with such a serious air, that we presume the editor expects the story to be believed:

Thomas Warren Beal, son of widow Eliza Beal, aged about seventeen years, living with his mother on Beal's Island, in Jonesport, returned home from sea April 1st. That night he dreamed that at a spot an eighth of a mile distant from his mother's house, on the northerly part of the Island, he could find a brass kettle; that he must go the next day and get it, that in thirty days from that date he must go to the same place and would find $2,000 in gold, but whether he dreamed it was in a kettle or other vessel we were not informed.

Next day after the dream he went to the place and could see the edge of a kettle. He removed the dirt with his hands without pick or shovel secured the kettle and carried it to his mother's in whose house it can now be seen. In the kettle when found were five knives and a bone or piece of a man's rib all badly used by time. The form of the knives is well preserved, but corrosive agencies have imparted to them a rough look. They appear to be products of English make, the size and antique style indicate this, though when new were a nice kind.

The kettle is brass, with large ears and a heavy iron bale. The kettle was covered with a piece of heavy woolen cloth, no doubt a part of a very heavy blanket. The cloth is so decayed that it is handled with difficulty in smallest pieces, yet there is no doubt as to its kind.

Thomas Warren's father died while in the army during the last war. Thomas no doubt being skeptical, and not relishing the frightful stories usually the accompaniment of money diggers' experience, left home within a week of his dream going to sea, and could not be prevailed on to remain until the expiration of thirty days, and that the fulfilment of his dream might be fully verified. After Thomas left other parties dug for the money. They found another brass kettle but entirely empty! A vague rumor is out that a person obtained money more or less but not much credence is attached to the supposition.

Whether the things found were buried by free booters, or by cast away sailors, or by Indians, it is difficult to determine. The time the kettle and contents remained there is a thing of imagination, but not less than a century probably.

Capt. James Wallace who lives near Mrs. Beal's who knew all the facts, is our informant, corroborated by other substantial men of Jondsport. Capt. Wallace brought the knives piece of one of the kettles, a piece of ribbon, and a piece of the woolen cloth to our office in Machias, several persons examining the same. Capt. W. carried the articles back with him.

The foregoing statement is in the main as related to us and no doubt correct. The only thing to excite curiosity is that a dream should indicate the location and lead to the discovery of the articles. Had the boy's courage permitted it, many persons think he would have secured the treasure at the end of the thirty days.

THE AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS OF MAINE.—The agricultural returns of the State of Maine, which have been returned to the Census Bureau at Washington, may be briefly summed up as follows:

The total quantity of improved land is 2,719,-793 acres; value of farms $102,961,951; of farming implemnts and machinery $4,809,113. The total value of wages paid during the year, including the value of board, was $293,292. The value of live stock in the State is $23,307,-128. Some of the productions of the year were as follows: Wheat, 278,793 bushels; Indian corn, 1,089,888 bushels; oats, 2,351,354 bushels; wool, 1,774,168 pounds; Irish potatoes, 7,771,00 bushels; butter, 11,636,482 pounds; cheese, 1,152,590 pounds; hay, 1,053,415 tons, forest productions, $1,531,741; home manufactures, $450,988; value of animals slaughtered, $4,939,071. The estimated value of all farm productions including betterments and additions to stock is $33,476,044. The "fragrant weed" was cultivated to the extent of 15 pounds. The rank of counties as concerns production is as follows:—Penobscot, Kennebec, Somerset, Cumberland, York, Oxford, Waldo, Aroostook, Franklin, Androscoggin, Lincoln, Piscataquis, Hancock, Washington, Knox, Sagadahoc.

KU-KLUX OPERATION IN TENNESSEE.—The office of the ex-Sheriff of Dresden, Tenn., was entered a few days since and some valuable papers abstracted. Suspicion fell upon William and Edward Johnson, colored. The latter was arrested and lodged in jail. William escaped and sent back word from Paducah, Kentucky, that he had found a list of the Ku-Klux in the ex-Sheriff's desk and would send a colored regiment to squelch them. Sheriff Vincent went to Paducah, arrested William and started for Dresden with the prisoner. When the train carrying the party stopped at Robertson, about forty men with masks suddenly appeared, and pointing pistols at the railroad officials took the prisoner off. This morning the bodies of Edward and William were both found hanging in the woods.

☞The New York *Herald* of Wednesday morning last says: "The fishery question has been settled by the Joint High Commission. It has been agreed as a basis for settlement, that the American fishermen may cast their nets anywhere in Canadian waters, without reference to distances from the shore, and fish for anything but shad or salmon. The Canadian fisherman are to enjoy the same privilege with similiar restrictions relative to shad, salmon and shell fish in any American waters north of the 39th parallel of latitude."

☞It is feared that the Schooners A. F. Lindberg, Seaman's Pride, William Murray and B. K. Hough, which sailed from Gloucester, Mass., to the Georges in March, were lost in the gale of Sunday, April 2d, with all their crews, numbering forty men, most of whom resided in Gloucester. Of the crew of the Seaman's Pride, two are reported as from Maine, viz., Gerthio and Eldridge Goodwin.

☞Edward Everett, the sire of Mr. Bonner's great trotting colt, *Joe Elliott*, who trotted a mile when six years old, in 2:18 1-2, and of Commodore Vanderbilt's famous horse *Mountain Boy*, is advertised in our columns this week. All who want to breed such horses can learn the particulars in our advertising columns.

☞It is announced that President Grant has accepted an invitation to attend the anniversary meeting of the Army of the Potomac in Boston on the 12th of May. Gen. Meade will preside.

Items of Maine News.

The Bath *Times* says that $50,000 have been offered toward a sugar manufactory in that city, with the promise of still further assistance.

The dwelling house and stable of Edward Thurston at Temple Mills, were burned about midnight Wednesday night, 19th inst. The buildings were new and good. Small insurance.

The Bangor *Whig* says it is informed that the Maine Central Railroad Company is negotiating for a lease of the Androscoggin railroad, which will probably be effected in a short time.

Prof. Robinson of Kent's Hill, has been offered the Professorship of Mathematics in the Pennsylvania State Agricultural College.

The dwelling house, barn and outbuildings of Mr. George Warren in Parsonsfield, were totally destroyed by fire on Thursday evening of last week.

The dwelling house of William G. Burrill of Dedham, was struck by lightning during the tempest of Friday night, injuring the house badly, and Mrs. Burrill slightly.

The Light-house keeper at Duck Island, Mr. Charles Harding, has lost (it is stated) an ox, a cow and twenty sheep from eating damaged flour, which was strewn along the shore from a stranded Nova Scotia vessel.

The late Dea. Andrew Leach of Searsport, is the champion attendant at church, having been in his pew 2308 out of 2600 consecutive Sundays. Absence from town was his good excuse for missing on the two Sabbaths his seat was vacant in fifty years.

The adjourned meeting of the stockholders of the Somerset railroad came off in Anson last Thursday. A vote was passed to mortgage the road for $500,000, issuing thirty year bonds at seven per cent. interest.

The Lewiston *Journal* says that the widow Polly Hunnewell of Old Danville, was found dead in her bed on the morning of the 16th. She was 87 years of age. She was in usual health the night previous, and her death probably resulted from heart disease.

Mr. Robert C. Thayer of Turner, who superintended the dredging of the Kennebec river for the past two seasons, has just been ordered to oversee the improvement of the Narraguagus river, for which the last Congress made an appropriation. It is hoped to complete the work this season.

The *Whig* says a gentleman who has just arrived from the "up-country regions" informs them that on Monday teams were crossing Chesuncook and Moosehead Lakes on the ice. On Tuesday of last week six or eight inches of snow fell, and snow still lies in the woods to a considerable depth.

Patents have been issued this week to Chas. P. Kimball, Portland, for shifting top for basket phastons; D. W. Brockway, Dover, for shawl strap; C. L. Haines, North Newburg, for cheese press.

Attorney General Reed, in accordance with the resolution of the last Legislature, has pushed the matter of a part of the Peck bondsmen to a successful issue in behalf of the State. It was to be tried at the April Court at Bangor, but was settled on the most favorable terms for the State.

General Chamberlain has not engaged to deliver an oration at the proposed Winthrop Centennial, but has only agreed to be present on the day, and speak to the assembled people, as he may be prompted by the occasion and its surroundings. The Centennial exercises will take place May 30th.

The Maine Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will hold its next annual session in Portland, commencing Thursday, 27th inst., Bishop Ames presiding. Those wishing to attend will be taken to Portland and back for one fare, by the steamer City of Richmond.

Mr. Geo. W. Hardy, of Little Deer Isle, committed suicide Saturday, by drowning. No satisfactory cause can be given for the act. He has at times during the last few months been depressed in spirits. On the evening before his death, he told his mother, who lives with him, that he thought his work here was about done. He leaves a family—wife, children and mother.

At S. W. Harbor a short time since, Mr. William Dolliver brought his loaded gun into his house and stood it in the wood box muzzle down, according to custom. His little boy five years old in clambering up (it is said) for something on the mantel-piece discharged the gun, the contents of which passed through one of his arms, shattering it fearfully, says the Ellsworth *American*.

The suits of the Somerset railroad to enforce the payment of town and individual subscriptions have been referred to the Law Court, to decide questions of law. If the questions are decided against the defendants, the cases will then stand for trial on questions of fact.

The Camden *Herald* says that one day last week a girl named Sophia Boardman fell into the water from a boat and must have been drowned had it not been for the self-sacrificing efforts of Mr. Simeon C. Tyler, who, seeing the situation of the girl, stripped off his outer clothing, swam out and with difficulty brought her safety to the shore. She had sunk once before she could be reached.

A breach of promise case is now on trial at Belfast, in which suit is brought by Hannah E. Barlow against Wm. Sibley, the son of Wm. G. Sibley, a well known and prominent citizen of Freedom. Miss Barlow lived in the family of Mr. Sibley at the time of the alleged engagement, and assisted at doing housework. A. G. Jewett conducts the case for plaintiff, and N. Abbott for defendent. Sibley is now married to another woman.

The Farmington *Chronicle* says that on Friday last, a beautiful little child, daughter of Wm. V. Libbey of West Farmington, strangled to death while in a violent fit of coughing. The child had but partially recovered from lung fever, when it was taken with the whooping cough.

The *News* says Mr. J. W. Dresser, of Bridgton, is the fortunate possessor of a most remarkable cow which has done an extensive business during the year ending April 1, 1871. She has made 231 pounds of butter, and furnished milk for a family of seven, with the addition, a portion of the time, of from two to six boarders, besides furnishing for sale 170 quarts of milk.

A family living in Belfast, received a sad and startling shock on Wednesday evening of last week, says the *Journal*. One of the daughters died suddenly in a manufacturing town in Massachusetts. Her sister, who was there, telegraphed home and immediately started with the body. By some oversight the despatch was not delivered, and the first intimation that the family had that the young lady was not alive and well, was the arrival of the coffin at the door.

The *Journal* says B. F. Priest, a workman in W. H. Dow & Co.'s furniture factory in Waterville, met with a narrow escape Thursday last while engaged at the planer. His hand got caught in the feed rollers, drawing his arm through an inch space as far as the elbow. Not a bone was broken, but his arm was badly flattened, and before he could be freed they had to go about ninety rods to a hardware store to procure an iron bar to pry apart the rollers, and the machine had to be broken before he could be extricated. At the present time the man is doing well.

The Gardiner *Journal* says that at a recent meeting of the City Council, an ordinance was passed establishing a Public Library, and appointing five Directors—one for five years, one for four, one for three, one for two and one for one.

Miss Anstress B. Dinsmore of North Anson, on Saturday morning last, having left a parting letter to her friends stating that she felt that the judgment of God was upon her, and that she had not many friends in this world nor in the next, deliberately walked to the edge of the river where the water was some thirty feet deep, and cast

Congressional Summary.

Forty-second Congress---First Session

WEDNESDAY, April 19.

SENATE. After a protracted executive session a message was received from the House announcing the rejection of the conference report on the Ku-Klux bill and asking for a new conference.

The Senate, on motion of Mr. Edmunds, insisted on the amendments, and Messrs. Edmunds, Carpenter and Thurman were appointed a committee of conference.

The conference report on the deficiency bill was agreed to and the Senate took a recess till 8 20 with a view to the final adjournment this evening.

Upon re-assembling Mr. Robertson asked the Senate to take up the amnesty bill, a measure which he thought would do more to restore law and order and strengthen the Republican party in the South than any other which could be passed.

Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, objected as there was not a quorum present.

By unanimous consent the resolution to print additional copies of the report of the San Domingo commissioners was considered as before the Senate in order to allow Mr. Cole to deliver some remarks in favor of Dominican annexation.

Mr. Trumbull moved to take up the general amnesty bill, and during the discussion which ensued Mr. Edmunds submitted and explained the report of the second conference committee on the Ku-Klux bill. It was as reported from the previous conference, except that a substitute which he thought equally effective had been adopted for the Sherman amendment.

The report was discussed at considerable length, and finally concurred in by a party vote, except that Messrs Hill and Robertson voted with the democrats—ayes 36, nays 13.

HOUSE.—On motion of Mr. Dawes, of Mass., the Senate's request for a new conference committee on the deficiency bill was acceded to, and Messrs Dawes, Cook and Niblack were appointed.

Mr. Haselton, of Wisconsin, offered a resolution instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to consider and report what additional legislation is necessary to equalize the soldiers' bounties, and investigate and report what would be the addition annual expense of increasing twenty dollars per cent. the pensions of those who are totally disabled. Adopted.

Mr. Campbell asked leave to introduce a concurrent resolution requesting the President to cause negotiations to be opened with the Governments of Great Britain and Mexico to ascertain on what conditions those Governments would consent to the annexation of their possessions on this continent to the United States.

Messrs. Willard, of Vermont, and Mercer, of Pennsylvania, objected.

Mr. Butler asked leave to make a personal explanation, which was objected to.

Mr. Shellabarger, of Ohio, from the conference committee on the Ku-Klux bill, made a report and proceeded to explain it. In reference to the amendment as the right of peremptory challenge to grand or petit jurors on account of having acted in the rebellion, the bill agreed upon by the conference committee would remove that right of peremptory calling, but would leave the matter to the consideration of the Court. As to Mr. Sherman's amendment, it was modified so as to confine the claims for damages to cases of riots and make suits brought not against the property of individuals but against the cities and counties in their corporate capacity.

After a protracted debate the conference report was rejected by a vote of 74 to 106, fifteen republicans, including Mr. Hale, of Maine, voting against it.

A new conference was then ordered, on which Messrs. Shellabarger, Poland and Whitham were appointed.

The conference report on the deficiency bill was again presented and agreed to.

In the evening the House having met and taken several recesses, while awaiting the action of the Senate upon the second conference report on the anti Ku-Klux bill, adjourned till half past ten o'clock to-morrow.

THURSDAY, April 13.

SENATE—Messrs. Conkling and Davis of Kentucky, were appointed to wait on the President and inform him that unless he had some further communication to make Congress was now ready to adjourn.

After the transaction of some routine business, at 2 P. M. the committee to wait on the President reported that he had no further communication to make. The President pro tem (Anthony) then declared the Forty-Second Congress adjourned *sine die*.

HOUSE—The House met at half-past ten o'clock and received a message from the Senate announcing its agreement to the conference report on the Ku-Klux bill and the passage of the concurrent resolution for the final adjournment at two o'clock to-day. The House proceeded to consider the conference report on the Ku-Klux bill, which after debate was agreed to by a strict party vote, 93 to 94, and the bill was sent to the President for his signature.

The Senate concurrent resolution for the final adjournment and for the appointment of a committee to wait on the President and inform him that Congress was ready to adjourn was agreed to, and Messrs. Dawes, Maynard and Ely were appointed as such committee on the part of the House.

Mr. Beck, of Kentucky, offered a joint resolution asserting the power of the House to make or withhold appropriations to carry out treaties requiring appropriations of money, which was agreed to, without yeas and nays under a suspension of the rules.

Mr. Butler moved to suspend the rules in order that he might make a personal explanation. Agreed to, 119 to 23. He then proceeded to address the House in reference to the scene which took place in the Senate between himself and Senator Davis, of Kentucky.

A personal controversy ensued between Messrs. Butler, Farnsworth, Beck and others a report of which is given in another column. In the midst of the discussion, the Speaker's hammer descended and he announced that the first session of the House of Representatives for the 42d Congress was adjourned without day.

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN PARIS. Late letters from Paris give a terrible view of affairs in the city. The reign of terror has driven away over 200,000 citizens to seek a home and a livelihood in the provinces or in foreign lands, and the city is at the mercy of the liberated criminals and those from other lands who have flocked thither, the chief of the London detectives estimating the number of English thieves alone, in Paris, at 4000. Of the 200,000 strangers usually here, writes a correspondent, there are probably at the present time not more than 500, if as many. Of Americans I do not believe there are 50, though two weeks ago they were returning fast; but they soon fled again for the most part. All of the shops in the Rue de la Paix are closed; yet merchandise is as high as last year, and rents are the same. Out of 91 members of the new commune, only 17 are men of even moderate views; a secret council of six, with Blanqui at its head, make all decrees, and they exercise more absolute power than the ex-Emperor, though supported by M. Pietri and his myrmidons, would have dared attempt. The Reds have cost Paris a heavy sum during the past few days, say three millions, which is thus calculated: 1,000,000 francs taken from the Bank of France, 600,000 from the money chests of different railways, 300,000 for military stores delivered, 600,000 for those ordered, 400,000 receipts given for various articles requisitioned. It is positively declared that 900,000 francs are required daily for the pay of the National Guards and the employees in the Hotel de Ville and different Ministries.

HYDRATE OF CHLORAL. There seems to be no end to the beneficent uses of which this newly discovered remedial drug is capable. An opium eater writes to the Chicago *Tribune* that for many years he had made every possible effort to free himself from the habit, efforts that were seconded by all the aids that medical science could give, but that they had all failed from one cause, the total inability to sleep after leaving off opium. In the hydrate of chloral he found the desired relief. Until he had completely abandoned the opium he did not meddle with it; even then he used it merely to induce sleep, taking about thirty grains at the usual hours of repose. In twenty minutes after taking it he invariably slept, and in the morning awoke thoroughly refreshed. As the time passed and the effects of the opium became more and more eliminated from his system, he took less and less of the chloral until his cure was complete. Here, then, is a means of escape for those who have become addicted to the baneful opium-eating habit, and have supposed themselves slaves to it for life. Hydrate of chloral, properly administered, may reclaim them.

Foreign News.

The Insurrection in Paris.

Asnieres Occupied by the Government.

Versailles, April 19. The government troops occupied Asnieres yesterday driving the enemy across the Seine and capturing some prisoners. The loss of the Versailles troops was small. A battery has been placed in a position which prevents the insurgents from using the bridge which crosses the river from Clinchy to Asnieres.

The Versailles troops have carried the fords of Colombes. A large number of insurgents were killed, wounded and made prisoner in the encounter. Asnieres is now threatened on both sides by the government forces.

The Battle of Monday.

London, April 19. The details of the fight on Monday at Asnieres, show that the Versailles forces compelled the Communists to evacuate the town but did not themselves occupy it. The Communists in the afternoon re-occupied the place, but were again attacked in the evening. During the night there was an incessant fusilade and the government forces maintained their position with difficulty. The Versailles army has not resumed the offensive. The belligerents, though confronting each other, are actually separated by the island of Grand Jatte. The Communist losses yesterday were very heavy. The national guards are greatly discouraged by their sufferings and losses. Immense quantities of ammunition have been discovered in cellars in the Avenue du Trocadero. The spirit evinced by the Versailles troops is unsatisfactory and even discipline is wanting It is probable that the insurgents will evacuate Asnieres to-day. There are rumors of changes in the French ministry. There was a violent cannonade at Maillot Gate and Neuilly last night.

Overwhelming Defeat of the Insurgents.

The Asnieres road was barricaded by the insurgents, who, being without cavalry, were unable to reconnoitre and ascertain the movements of the enemy. They were unaware that the Versailles troops had arrived at Gennevilliers with a redoubt and placed heavy naval guns in position. The Alcombes redoubt at Gennevilliers is 300 yards from Asnieres. When the first shells fell yesterday from Courbevoie upon Chateau Becon, the nationals took little notice of them it being sheltered against fire from that direction. Suddenly a tremendous fire opened on the front and right of the flanks from Colombes and Gennevilliers, and the nationals gave way and fled to the trenches. At the same moment two attacking columns took the insurgents in front and flank, and mitrailleuses guarding the barricade kept up a heavy cross fire. In less than an hour the whole of the insurgents were driven across the Seine. Dombrowski demanded reinforcements and the insurgents renewed the attack, but were repulsed with great loss. An eye witness says Dombrowski personally led a desperate assault. By 4 o'clock all was over at Neuilly. The insurgents were forced to retreat into Porte Maillot. Many were drowned.

London, April 19. A dispatch from Asnieres say the weather is rainy and operations today are next to impossible, but adds that the insurrection is falling to pieces.

Insurgent Disturbances at Boulogne.

Boulogne, April 18. This afternoon the Communists leader unfurled the red flag and addressed a crowd in support of the commune. Considerable excitement was created in the street for a time, but eventually the police seized the flag and quelled the disturbance. There have been some disturbances at Bordeaux but they were promptly repressed.

The Fighting Continued on Wednesday.

Paris, April 19—Evening.—The cannonade mingled with the fire of mitrailleuses and musketry all day at Courbevoie, Porte Maillot, Puteaux, Asnieres and Levallois. Iron-clad railroad vans are operating actively. Barricades and trenches are being constructed inside of Paris. The *Revel* newspaper denies that the Versailles forces are masters of the bridge crossing the Seine from Asnieres to Clichy. The concentration of troops for the army of the Assembly continues.

The Insurgents Re-capture Important Positions.

Paris, April 20.—Gen. Dombrowski reports to the commune that his troops have re-taken certain positions, capturing a considerable quantity of provisions and some prisoners. He adds that the battle continues, and asks for reinforcements. Gen. Okolowitz maintains his position at Asnieres against all efforts of the government forces. The commune retires from office and a new election is to be held at once.

A despatch dated 5.25 P. M., says that Valerein and Courbevois are shelling Paris frightfully. The Arc de Trionphe has fallen, and the Avenue des Terres is visited by a shower of shell. Forty civilians were killed. Gen. Dombrowski still claims a victory, but the Nationals are returning dispirited and disgusted. It has been an awful slaughter. Dombrowski complains of the inefficiency of the officers; and the chief of staff, Nobart, has been arrested by order of Clusuret. The American mitrailleuses have been moved to the front. Dombrowski says that he is waiting for the co-operation of the gunboats, which will be ready in a few days.

The Communists are mining houses held by Versailles troops in Asnieres. The Arc was blown up at 5 o'clock, near the church. There was a frightful explosion.

Despere Fighting at Neuilly.

Paris, April 20.—Evening.—There has been desperate house-to-house fighting all day at Neuilly and Sevallois. The forces of the Assembly have been reinforced at Neuilly, but the Communists defend with great tenacity the barricade opposite the position of the Versailles troops. The cannonading was incessant throughout the day. The Versaillists have not occupied the village of Asnieres, but are entrenched at the railway station to Colombes Wood.

The fire of the Versailles batteries greatly tries the Nationals, but though they have suffered heavy loss they are still undaunted.

A decisive engagement is impending at Maillot Gate, the ramparts adjoining which are a heap of ruins.

The Arc de Trionphe has been destroyed by the fire of the batteries of the Versailles army. Two guns were taken by the Versailles troops in the battle at Asnieres on the 19th.

Will not Treat with Rebels.

Versailles, April 20.—The Assembly has rejected the motion to treat with the Paris government.

Versailles, April 21.—The assertion of the Communists that they have recovered the positions lost on the 18th, is false. The insurgents have been driven to the right bank of the Seine, and have not attempted to return to Asnieres.

The Prussians intend to surrender the forts around Paris still in their possession to the lawful government.

The 500,000,000 of francs indemnity, due the April 1st., is still unpaid.

Several barricades, with a number of prisoners and several cannon, were captured yesterday at Wemillet. The cannon have been presented to M. Thiers, who congratulated the troops upon their achievement.

The Cannonading of Saturday.

Versailles, April 23.—The cannonade from Fort Valerien on Saturday was mainly directed against the gates of Autevil and Point du Jour, where the insurgents have established batteries. To-day guns of the fortress were again turned on Porte Maillot, which had been partially repaired.

The rumor that the first instalment of the war indemnity had been paid and another that the forts were occupied by Versailles troops are contradicted.

Frightful Scenes in Paris.

Paris, April 21—Evening. There has been fighting all day. The Versailles troops are massing for a grand attack. The discipline of the nationals is bad. Men placed on guard coolly left their posts without orders. A captain in the 184th regiment was shot by his men, who charged him with want of energy. Two hundred unfortunate women were arrested last night on the boulevards. Enormous barricades have been erected in the Rue Rivoli and Place de la Concorde, with double ditches six feet deep. Every preparation has been made in the anticipation of obstinate street fighting. Horse flesh is again largely sold. Gen. Cluseret offered his resignation, as the communists have run into excesses, but it was not accepted.

At Neuilly to-day the Versailles troops drove the insurgents within 200 yards of Paris. Stragglers, mere boys of sixteen, returned dirty, ragged and dispirited. There were awful scenes at the gates of the hospitals. Crowds of women, with their hair streaming, were uttering loud shrieks, demanding their husbands, brothers and children.

Dombrowski has disappeared. He is supposed to be dead or wounded. At last accounts the Versaillists were within 150 yards of the ramparts.

Preparations for Defence.

Paris, April 21—Evening. The Commune has delegated its powers to a committee of nine members. A company of seronauts is being formed in Paris. Cannonading is incessant between Clinchy and Neuilly, but the expected general attack by the Versailles forces has not yet commenced. The Commune is making immense and most minute preparations for defence, raising embankments and fortifications inside and outside of the ramparts and hastening the manufacture of ammunition.

The army of the Assembly are fortifying the towns of Severes, Courbevois and Asnieres and the Federalists and Communists are erecting defensive works at Neuilly, Levallois and Villiers. The Mot d'Ordre confirms the entry of the Versailles troops into St. Denis. There has been no cannonading since 10 o'clock this morning.

The Horrors of War.

London, April 22.—4 P. M.—In the report to the Commune yesterday Gen. Clusuret claims to have repulsed the Versailles army at all points. Other accounts declare that the fighting was murderous, and say that the village of Courcelles, on the right bank of the Seine, between Neuilly and Clichy, as filled with wounded. It is stated that an armistice has been concluded for to-day for the burial of the dead and to allow the inhabitants of Neuilly, Clichy and other towns under bombardment to remove to places of safety. Barricades are being erected under the Arc of Triomphe. A demonstration has been made by the English Democrats in Paris, at which resolutions were adopted congratulating the Commune upon its success.

Failure of Another Insurrection.

London, April 23—Another attempt has been made at Marseilles to overthrow the Government and introduce the Commune, but it has failed. The insurgents have been arrested and a large quantity of ammunition concealed in a ruined castle near St. Antoine was seized.

Government Reports.

Versailles, April 24—Evening. Valerien continues to cannonade Neuilly, Clinchy and Porte Maillot. The firing is slow and deliberate, and some shells fall within the ramparts of Paris. The army of the Assembly is being continually reinforced. Many new troops arrived yesterday and to-day and were at once forwarded to the front. The Prussians have not evacuated Fort Charenton. It is reported that in consequence of difficulties between the Prussians and Communists, the former, who still hold St. Denis, yesterday stopped at that point, all supplies for Paris from the North. The insurgent batteries continue to reply to the fire of Mont Valerien, but their fire is feeble and ineffective.

Masonry Invokes an Armistice.

Thiers has given a reception to the deputation from the Masonic lodges of Paris, who asked on behalf of the people of the Capital for an armistice. In reply to their request, Thiers said that Gen. Ladmarault had power to grant a truce whenever it should become necessary, but the Commune could never be recognized by the Government.

Communist Report.

Paris, April 24. Gen. Cluseret reports to the Commune that a suspension of hostilities at Neuilly have been arranged, to date from noon to-day. He also reports that the affairs at Asnieres are in an excellent position. Immense defensive measures are in preparation. Torpedoes have been planted at St. Germain and Versailles, railway station and batteries erected in Rue Castellane.

Paris, April 24—Evening. A placard on the walls invites the friends of order to be in readiness to avenge their brethren murdered in the recent butchery in the Place Vendome.

Paris, April 25. The commune has made requisitions upon the vacant houses in Paris for lodgings for people flying from bombardment.

[N. Y. *Tribune* Special.] Clauseret and the Central Committee are quarreling. Clauseret is accused of being a Bonapartist in disguise and his arrest is threatened.

London, April 25. A dispatch from Dieppe says a placard urging the supporters of the Commune to hasten to Paris has been displayed there, but it was destroyed by the authorities. The inflammatory document had no effect upon the inhabitants.

Official Statement from M. Thiers.

Versailles, April 25. M. Thiers issued a circular yesterday stating that the last few days had been employed in engineering work and concentrating our troops. A new corps has been formed at Cherbourg, Cambrai and Auxerre, composed of the heroes of Gravelotte. Gens. Donai and Clinchant will command them. The late engagements at Bagneaux were a success for our troops, who captured a red flag from the enemy. Great operations will soon commence.

The Government Attack Re-Commenced.

A heavy cannonade from the batteries of the Versailles army at Mendon, Cretenil and Chatillon opened this morning on Forts D'Issey and Vaunes and the ramparts at Point du Jour. Picard has issued a circular to the prefects of departments to the effect that the municipal elections soon to be held, will be followed by those for filling vacant seats in the Assembly and Council General.

Agitation in Favor of Napoleon.

London, April 25. The *Times'* dispatch from Versailles says that Thiers had a long interview yesterday with Prince Albert of Saxony and Gen. Fabrice.

Fort Charenton has been occupied by a detachment of the Versailles army. A strong reaction favorable to the restoration of the Emperor Napoleon has commenced in the provinces. A number of deputies to the Assembly are known to desire to make the Duke d'Aumale President of the Republic.

☞The Liverpool ship Bridgewater has arrived at New York, with Capt. Swengenson and five men of the Norwegian bark Bella Donna, from Baltimore for Londonderry. The bark sprung a leak in a hurricane, and sunk on the 16th inst. The mate and two sailors were lost, and the survivors were picked up in an open boat on the 9th.

Special Notices.

BEAR IN MIND.

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Consumption,

ITS CURE AND ITS PREVENTIVE,

By J. H. SCHENCK, M. D.

MANY a human being has passed away, for whose death there was no other reason than the neglect of known and indisputably proved means of cure. Those near and dear to family and friends are sleeping the dreamless slumber into which, had they calmly adopted

DR. JOSEPH H. SCHENCK'S SIMPLE TREATMENT,

and availed themselves of his wonderfully efficacious medicines, they would not have fallen.

Dr. Schenck has in his own case proven that wherever sufficient vitality remains, that vitality, by his medicines and his directions for their use is quickened into healthful vigor.

In this statement there is nothing presumptuous. To the faith of the invalid is made no representation that is not a thousand times substantiated by living and visible works. The theory of the cure by Dr. Schenck's medicines is as simple as it is unfailing. Its philosophy requires no argument. It is self-assuring, self-convincing.

The Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills are the first two weapons with which the citadel of the malady is assailed. Two-thirds of the cases of consumption originate in dyspepsia and a functionally disordered liver. With this condition the bronchial tubes "sympathize" with the stomach. They respond to the morbific action of the liver. Here then comes the culminating result, and the setting in, with all its distressing symptoms, of

CONSUMPTION.

The Mandrake Pills are composed of one of Nature's noblest gifts—the Pedophillum Peltatum. They possess all the blood-cleansing, alterative properties of calomel, but unlike calomel, they

"LEAVE NO STING BEHIND."

The work of cure is now beginning. The vitiated and mucous deposits in the bowels and in the alimentary canal are ejected. The liver, like a clock, is wound up. It arouses from its torpidity. The stomach digests food properly, and the patient begins to feel that he is getting, at last,

A SUPPLY O' GOOD BLOOD.

The Seaweed Tonic, in conjunction with the Pills, permeates and assimilates with the food. Chylification is now progressing, without its previous tortures. Digestion becomes painless, and the cure is seen to be at hand. There is no more flatulence, no exacerbation of the stomach. An appetite sets in.

Now comes the greatest Blood Purifier ever yet given by an indulgent Father to suffering man. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup comes in to perform its functions and to hasten and complete the cure. It enters at once upon its work. Nature cannot be cheated. It collects and ripens the impaired and diseased portions of the lungs. In the form of gatherings it prepares them for expectoration, and lo! in a very short time the malady is vanquished, the rotten throne that it occupied is renovated and made new, and the patient, in all the dignity of regained vigor, steps forth to enjoy the manhood or womanhood that was

GIVEN UP AS LOST.

The second thing is, the patients must stay in a warm room, until they get well; it is almost impossible to prevent taking cold when the lungs are diseased, but it must be prevented or a cure cannot be effected. Frequent rides, especially in this season of the year of the country in the fall and winter season, are all wrong. Physicians who recommend that course lose sight entirely of all instructors. Ingives to the complexion that smooth, transparent and marble purity which bespeaks refinement, excites admiration, and is woman's chief attraction. This is what the Balm will do, and so gradual and naturally, that its use cannot be detected. Then add a luxuriant head of hair, by using the best and most popular Hair Dressing and Restorer in the world—Lyon's Celebrated Katharion—and your friends will hardly know you. These articles are sold by all Druggists. 4w19

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Sow all kinds of seeds; are the best in the market for Carrot, Onion, Sorghum and Turnip seed, also for Peas and Beans; are the only ones that will sow Beets and Parsnips with regularity; make the drills and evenly drop and cover the seed; distribute Guano and other Fertilizers; have no slides, reeds or brushes to get out of order.

THE CULTIVATORS

Destroy weeds between the rows and mellow the soil; can be easily expanded or contracted; dispense with Wheel and Hand Hoes.

The removal of the Hopper and its attachments from the frame and substitution of Cultivator attachment, enable each Sower to be quickly changed to a Cultivator. All the parts are very light and durable, also easy to operate and effective.

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2w21 **53 Beekman Street, New York.**

THE ADVANCE MOWER.

THE most simple in its construction, and the most durable. Easiest managed for man and beast of any Mower now in use, some improvements having been made making it as near perfection as you can get a mowing machine. This Mower possesses all the essential points to constitute a perfect machine. It is high speeded so it will do its work perfect with the slowest walk of the team, choke and clog the least of any we ever saw. All farmers understand that if it will do its work well in both stout and heavy or light grass with the slowest walk of the team, that there is no trouble about the quick walk, for the faster it is run the better the mower can do, but we don't want to be obliged to run our team to make it cut. A pair of oxen will make good work with this Mower. The farmer who has a horse that they think will do the best work on the slowest walk of the team can be worked the best on the roughest land, as the driver has a better chance to manage his machine than he would to be hurrying the team, and it is easier to make his mower cut. Then with the advantage of hoisting the cutting bar with the forward brake so he can mow around stumps, trees and fences without turning to the right or left, makes the Advance the Mower of the day, on any land, smooth or rough, and has no equal in all these points.

The one-horse is a perfect success. Any 800 to 900 pound horse will mow with a 3 foot 9 inch and 4 foot cut one acre per hour, with ease, not sweating or fretting the horse or driver, which fully proves what we claim, that it is the lightest draught mower in New England. This Mower needs but little repairing, from the fact that not one cent in labor or stock has been used two seasons have had any repairs except oil, and are as good as new to-day. Yet to remove all fears about repairs, we supply an ample supply at Bangor and Lewiston; also some with most all the country agents, so they can be had at short notice.

We most earnestly invite those who purchase mowers this year to give the Advance Mower a fair trial before buying. It is warranted in every particular, and to be all we claim for it above, by the Belvidere Manufacturing Co., of New Jersey, and for sale in every County in Maine. Also the Ithaca Rake by same agents.

The subscriber keeps also an ample supply of repairs at his residence in Stetson. Prices to conform with the times. For further particulars inquire of the General Agent, M. E. RICE,

Stetson, Maine.

Stetson, April 22, 4w21

EDWARD EVERETT.

MR. BONNER HAS RETAINED THIS CELEBRATED HORSE ever since he purchased him solely for the use of his family, and will not permit him to trot. Mr. Bonner has been in the constant receipt of letters from parties who desired to breed to the horse, some of them finding fault with him for monopolizing his services especially after the wonderful exhibition of speed by his colt Joe Elliott—who trotted a mile, at six years old, in 2:18¾—in addition to all that had preceded him. Among the letters of his get, are Mr. Vanderbilt's Mountain Boy, Humphrey's colt, the Kilpatrick mare, the Marshall colt, the Packer colt, Mr. Low's colt and many more.

I now have the pleasure to announce that I have made arrangements with Mr. Bonner to have EDWARD EVERETT (formerly known as Major Wm field) stand at my place, the Lagrange Farm, in Orange county, beginning April 25th.

TERMS without any exception: $200, payable invariably before service, one hundred of which will be returned if the mare does not prove with foal. Mr. Bonner directs me to make no variation from these terms in any instance, to any person, and people may breed to the horse on these terms or not at all, as they please. Mr. BONNER cares more not to be troubled on the subject than for the profit. He does not wish to deprive the public of the benefit of the horse; but, at the same time, he wants no bother about it.

EDWARD EVERETT was sired by Hyadyk's Hambletonian; dam, by imported Red Margrave.

My place, known as the Lagrange Farm, where Edward Everett will stand, is directly opposite Crist's Hotel, on the main road leading from New York to Goshen, sixteen miles west of Newburgh and four east of Goshen. I have 160 acres of fertile grass land affording excellent pasturage, and I will keep all brood mares at $8 a month for grass, and $1 a bushel for any grain which the owners request to have fed to them. All accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner. All letters respecting this horse must be addressed to the subscriber at Goshen, Orange County, N. Y. WM. H. KEETCH.

☞Mr. Keetch will have in his possession receipts in which Mr. Bonner guarantees the return of the hundred dollars in every case arising under the terms of the above advertisement. 1w21

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm name and style of J. J. Fuller & Son, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons having unsettled accounts with said firm, are requested to make immediate settlement with John J. Fuller.

JOHN J. FULLER,
JAMES E. FULLER.

Augusta, April 1, 1871.

NOTICE.

HAVING purchased the rights and interests in the late firm of J. J. Fuller & Son, I am prepared to furnish my friends with all the advantages of a modern first-class Grocery Store. I shall keep constantly on hand, a full line of choice Groceries and Provisions which will be sold as low as the same can be purchased at any store in the city.

3t20 JAMES E. FULLER.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, James J. Trask of China, County of Kennebec and State of Maine, by deed of Mortgage dated April 11th, A. D. 1864, and recorded in Kennebec Registry of Deeds in Book 243, page 373, conveyed to Josiah Brown of Windsor in said County, two certain lots or parcels of land situated in said Windsor, which said deed is duly referred to said mortgage deed to which said mortgage deed and records reference is hereby made.

And, whereas, the conditions of the said mortgage having been broken I hereby claim a foreclosure of the same.

JOSIAH BROWN.

Per his Att'y,
E. W. WHITEHOUSE.

April 19th, 1871. 3t20

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, Isaac Horn of Augusta, County of Kennebec and State of Maine, by deed of Mortgage dated April 6th, A. D. 1870, and recorded in Kennebec Registry of Deeds in Book 279, page 150, conveyed to Eugene S. Fogg of Augusta in the County and State aforesaid, a certain lot or parcel of land situated in said Augusta on the east side of the Kennebec river, which is fully described in said mort

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Poetry.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsey and I are out.
We who have worked together so long as man and wife
Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.
"What is the matter?" say you. I swan! it's hard to tell;
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman—she has no other man,
Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.
So I've talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me;
So we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.
There was a stock of temper we both had for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us TWO apart;
I had my various failings bred in the flesh and bone,
And Betsey like all good women had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed.
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we arg'ed the thing at tea—
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we didn't agree.
And the next time that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket, certain—the question was only—How?
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a talkin' we both of us was mad.
And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.
And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got;
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.
And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say.
And down on us come the neighbors, a couple thousand strong,
And lent their kindest service to help the thing along.
And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak.
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin' the whole of the winter and fall,
If I cant live with a woman, why, then I won't at all.
And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer,—the very first paragraph,—
Of all the farm and livestock, that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsey has her day.

Give her the house and homestead; a man can thrive and roam,
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home.
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey never should want a home, if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'rable pay;
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause, there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such.
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, excepting with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all o'em was flustered and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarrelled and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll go home tonight,
And read the agreement to her and see if it's all right.
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know—
And ki-s the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur—
That when I am dead at last she shall bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy, before we quarrelled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me;
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps, we will agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we have quarrelled here.

—*W. M. Carleton, in the Toledo Blade.*

Our Story Teller.

THE GREAT SECRET.

"It is a mystery to me where the hours go to," exclaimed Mrs. Macey, as with a sigh she folded up an unfinished garment, which the approaching darkness of evening warned her must now be laid aside, "if any one had told me," continued the good lady, "that this little coat would not be finished to-day, I should not have believed them; I promised Charley that he should have it to wear to the little party to-night, but it cannot be helped. O, dear! it seems as if I never get anything done, and yet I never have a leisure hour!"

Here her reflections were interrupted by the boisterous entrance of the above named Charley, a stout healthy boy of twelve summers, who, skipping up the stairs three or four at a time, burst into his mother's room, shouting:—

"Hurrah, mother! where's my coat? I'm late home from school, but our lessons were so difficult, and Mr. Marshall was so cross, that it seemed as if we should never get away. Our whole class had to stay an hour after the usual time."

"I suppose you were all thinking so much of the party, that you could not fix your attention upon your lesson," replied the mother. "I am very sorry that your coat is not finished, my son. I have worked upon it until it was too dark for me to see any longer, but there is still much to be done. The days are so short and there are so many things to attend to that it is dark before I think of it."

"You begun it a week ago last Tuesday," murmured the disappointed boy. "I will stay at home before I'll go with that old blue one. I told Billy Green and Tommy Chase that I was to have a new black coat, and I'm not going without it."

"As you please," was the answer, for, displeased with the want of respect in his manner, his mother was in no mood to sooth his troubled feelings.

Quietly putting away her work she descended to the kitchen, to ascertain if tea was in preparation.

Mary, the maid of all work, looked flushed and excited, and as her mistress entered, she exclaimed:

"It's no use trying to make this oven bake. The biscuit and cake will be just good for nothing."

"Why so, Mary? The stove has never troubled us before."

"But shure the damper is broke, and one of the plates is cracked clane across. I have spoken to the master about it till I'm tired. He says he'll fix it when he can find time."

"Well, Mary, you know Mr. Macey is very busy, he seldom has any leisure."

Mary muttered something about its being "aisy to find five minutes if anybody liked," which her mistress passed over in silence, and then re-commenced her vigorous efforts to poke a little heat out of the fire.

The biscuit still presented a rather doubtful appearance, when Mr. Macey's well-known step was heard in the hall, and both mistress and maid knew there must be no delay, for punctuality at meals was with him a cardinal virtue. In a few minutes, therefore, the family were seated at the table. The children were bright, pleasant looking little folks, but on the whole they had rather a neglected appearance, for, as Mrs. Marcey observed, "there were so many ways to turn, that she never could tell where the day went; night always came before she had half done her allotted tasks."

The father was a sensible, easy tempered man, and seldom, as his wife often said, made any trouble in the house. He saw that something went wrong, but confessed that he did not wonder at it. There were so many things to be attended to in the family, and the days, especially in the fall and winter, were very short. If the meals were ready in season, he made no comments on the domestic arrangement. This was certainly the wisest course, for, as some little duties which came within his peculiar province were often neglected, rebuke of the failings of others, would have come from him with an ill grace.

Occasionally certain unpleasant visions of dilapidated pants, buttonless shirts and stringless under garments, would present themselves to his mind, in painful contrast to the perfect order in which his wardrobe had formerly been kept by a Quaker mother; but he had become accustomed to these things, and beside this, there was no one to blame. He could not afford to keep a seamstress in his family, and his wife, as everybody knew, was a hard-working woman, and did not willingly leave anything undone. It was all owing to the want of time, and this was an evil which could not be remedied.

The evening meal was less cheerful than usual The biscuits were decidedly clammy, and Mr. Macey's relish for them was not improved by being informed that the stove could not be expected to bake well until it was properly repaired. It was certainly unreasonable to expect him to attend to it, for he could hardly find time for the transaction of more important business. True it would take but a few minutes to make it all right, but somehow the day always slipped by before he knew it. It was easier to talk about a few minutes than to find them.

The countenance of Charlie, their eldest hopeful, wore a most discontented expression, and in reply to his father's inquiries he growled out a disrespectful speech about "old coats, and mother never having any time to do anything," which occasioned his dismissal from the table.

A note was presented to father by one of the little girls, containing a particular request from their teacher that some of their studies might be attended to at home, in order to facilitate their progress. This note was duly passed to mother, and had the effect of deepening the shadow upon her brow—for how was it possible, in the multitude of her cares, for her to find time to assist the little ones in their daily tasks.

On the whole every one seemed to feel uncomfortable, and the very table itself seemed to partake of the general uneasiness, and after uttering the most unusual groans beneath its usual weight of dishes, suddenly came to the ground with a loud crash.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr Macey, started out of his usual composure. "Those screws have really given away at last. I have intended to fix that table for a month past, the days are so short, and my time is so fully occupied."

"I really wish you could find a leisure moment to attend to little things about the house," remarked his wife, as still more discomposed than ever she proceeded to gather up the fragments of the broken dishes.

"However, I cannot blame you, for I am continually experiencing the same difficulty. Everything is disorderly and neglected, merely from the want of time. I cannot think how some people manage to bring so much to pass. You know Mrs. Graves. I called to see her the other day. Her family is larger than ours, but she keeps only one servant, and never employs a seamstress, yet everything in the house is in perfect order, and yet she absolutely has some time to spare, reads a good deal and even occasionally practices on the piano, that she may not lose her knowledge of music. They have a large and well cultivated garden, a perfect contrast to ours. Mr. Graves takes the whole care of it, although his time is as much occupied as your own."

"Impossible," interrupted her husband, "you must be mistaken in this last statement. Mr. Graves has no leisure time to attend to his garden."

"His wife told me herself that he took the entire charge of it, and had no assistance except the little which she could give him," replied Mrs. Macey. "I don't know how they contrive it, but I wish we had their secret."

"Mrs. Graves' children are always the first in their class at school," remarked one of the bright-eyed little girls, who was an attentive listener. "Their mother helps them with their lessons every evening."

"I guess she has not so noisy a set as I have," replied the mother, "or she would not feel much like teaching in the evening. For my part I am glad to send you all to bed, that I may have a quiet moment to sit down and compose myself in after the trials and vexations of the day."

Further conversation was interrupted by the loud ringing of the door bell, and Mrs. Macey was somewhat alarmed by the ominous sound of a heavy trunk, as it was deposited upon the steps.

"Who can that be?" she exclaimed. "Not a visitor, I hope, I am sure I can't find time to attend to my own family."

But now a bustle was heard in the hall and the door being thrown wide open by the girl who had answered the ring of the bell, a pleasant looking, elderly woman entered, whose quick steps and air of brisk activity gave evidence that the vigor and freshness of youth were retained even in advancing years.

In spite of the discomforture of Mrs. Macey's mind, and her dread of a visitor she could not suppress an exclamation of pleasure as she gazed upon the intruder, and hastened to meet her with warm words of welcome.

"My dear Miss Jane, I am delighted to see you,—and indeed you are almost the only person in the world to whom I could say this with truth, at the present time, for, as usual, you find us all topsy-turvy. You know how it is in a large family. Some things have to be neglected."

"No apologies are necessary to an old friend," replied Miss Jane, with a benevolent smile. "I am glad that you have a welcome for me, for I have come to claim your hospitality for a few weeks."

"For months if you desire it," returned Mrs. Macey, and she was quite sincere in this expression of feeling; for Miss Jane, or as she would be more properly termed, Miss Jane Booth, was one of those good, useful persons, whose presence is always desirable in a family, and who seem to have a sort of magic power in overcoming difficulties, "setting things to rights," and producing order out of chaos.

From Mrs. Macey's earliest recollection Miss Jane had occasionally appeared at her childhood's home, and always it would be at the time when the cares pressed the heaviest, and her presence was ever welcomed as a gleam of sunshine on a rainy day. Since her marriage with Mr. Macey one or two visits had been received from the good old lady, but several years had now elapsed since she had seen her, and she had supposed that the increasing infirmities of age confined her to one place. But here she stood, almost unchanged, with the kind smile, and a step as firm as in younger days.

Unfinished coats, heavy biscuits, children's lessons, fallen tables and broken crockery, all vanished from Mrs. Macey's mind, as with busy hospitality she ministered to the comfort of her guest.

Then came that pleasant, cozy hour when all the little ones were sleeping, and she could sit down and have such a quiet talk about old times. Even the presence of her husband might have been felt an intrusion—there were so many things to talk about of which he knew nothing—but luckily his presence was required at a social meeting, and with an apology for his impoliteness, he had taken his departure soon after Miss Jane's arrival.

Much was said of by-gone days, and then came the conversation of the present time.

"And so you are very happy in your married life, Fanny?" remarked Miss Jane, addressing Mrs. Macey by the endearing name of childhood. "A good husband and promising children are great blessings."

"Very great," was the reply; "and these blessings are certainly mine. And yet, I can hardly say that I am happy, for the want of time to attend to a thousand little things is so very annoying, that I am often quite miserable on that account. My husband's income is not large, and of course we can keep but one servant, and I am called so many ways, that it seems difficult to accomplish anything!"

Miss Jane mused in silence and the speaker continued:

"I wish you could help me about this. I remember that you used to be a famous person to find out the cause of troubles and apply a remedy. Now if you will discover in what I am deficient, and teach me to be as smart as Mrs. Graves that lesson will be invaluable."

"I will try my best," said Miss Jane, and her face lighted up with pleasure, for as her memory recalled Mrs. Macey and Mrs. Graves in their girlish days, she believed that she had already discovered the great secret. "But come, Fanny, why do we sit here idling away our time? Our hands may be busy while our tongues are going so fast. Have you not a basket of stockings to mend? That is generally my evening work."

"But you are fatigued with your journey and beside, Mr. Macey will be in soon. It is hardly worth while to produce our work at this hour."

"Take care of the minutes, Fanny. A small portion of time will accomplish much that is useful in a family like yours."

"You are still the same Miss Jane," said Mrs. Macey, as the work basket was produced. "Take care of the minutes," sounds as familiar to my ear, as if it were but yesterday that I heard you repeat the words to me, as I threw down my tasks to chase the bright butterflies on the park."

"It is a good motto for old and young, Fanny. A few minutes wasted several times in a day, will soon make an hour."

"Very true," was the ready reply; and now their fingers flew swiftly while their tongues were as busy as ever. It was astonishing how that pile of stockings diminished, and Mrs. Macey congratulated herself that they were not left till Saturday night, as was often the case.

A good night's rest made Miss Jane feel more natural than ever, and her delighted hostess declared that she had not grown one day older during the last ten years; an opinion which the good lady seemed resolute to verify—for it was really wonderful to see with what youthful activity she lent a helping hand to the various household duties, and with what remarkable tact she set the other people to work. Even the youngest child was made useful, and felt herself amply rewarded by the praises of her new friend, and the nicely fitted dress which was presented to her doll,—a treasure long coveted, but which mamma could never find time to attend to.

The days seemed to have grown longer now, however, for mamma had found time to complete many long neglected or unfinished undertakings. In fact, every one had taken a leaf from Miss Jane's book and yet they did not seem to have discovered what was written upon that leaf, but ascribed the great order and regularity of the household to the assistance which was rendered by the busy old lady, and not in her own management.

A few examples will suffice to exemplify Miss Jane's system of management:

"Ten minutes before breakfast," she exclaimed, as with quick steps she entered the apartment; "time enough to accomplish a great deal. My dear little Maggie, bring your books and read over your lessons to me, while I take a few stitches in this pretty dress that I am making for you."

"And what shall I do Miss Jane?" asked another of the little girls, as Maggie hastened to bring her books.

"Here is a slate and pencil, dear; just try that difficult sum that troubled you so much last evening. You are bright and fresh, after a good night's rest. Charlie, my good boy," she continued, addressing the lad who stood idly drumming upon the table, "there is time to feed your rabbits and chickens before breakfast, if you wish."

"And that will give me more time for play in the park," was the quick reply, and he hastened away.

"Anything for us to do?" playfully asked Mr. Macey, who with his wife had just entered the room, and stood an unobserved spectator of the scene.

That peculiarly pleasant smile spread over Miss Jane's countenance, but very readily she answered:

"By all means, my good sir. You will find a button upon the mantel-piece which you have long desired to find leisure to place upon the cellar door. Five minutes will be time enough. As for you Fanny, just take this old stocking and transform it into a holder for Mary's use. She tells me that she is much in need of one."

Both husband and wife laughingly obeyed; and a few minutes afterward, when all met at the breakfast table, the consciousness that each one possessed that even a trifling duty had been well performed, gave a feeling of social cheerfulness to the whole party, and they seldom enjoyed a more pleasant meal.

You have certainly discovered the true secret of finding time for the performance of many duties, Miss Jane," remarked Mr. Macey, "and I am determined to adopt your motto, '*Take care of the minutes*,' as the watchword for our establishment. I will have the words printed in gold, framed and glassed, and hung in a conspicuous position where they will frequently be recalled to mind."

"A good resolution," exclaimed Mrs. Macey, "I never discovered until lately, how many idle minutes are passed, even by industrious people, in the course of a day:—time enough to attend to many little matters."

"As my renovated wardrobe proves," *thought* Mr. Macey, but to his credit be it spoken, the thought was not expressed, for there are some cases where praise implies former blame, and had better be omitted. For some days he had been exulting in the good order of pants, shirts and nameless other articles, hitherto neglected, and had soon discovered that Miss Jane's motto had wrought the change.

And it was really astonishing what a change it did bring about in the whole dwelling. Miss Jane's visit was soon over, but its good effects remained. The true secret of an orderly household had been discovered. Those few little words worked like a charm, when duties were in danger of being neglected from want of time. Agreeably to Mr. Marcey's resolution, the motto was placed where it could be read and remembered by all, and father and mother, children and servants soon united in the opinion that there was nothing like taking care of the minutes.—*Wood's Household Magazine.*

A Caste Incident.

The recent exclusion of Frederick Douglass faom the dinner table of a steamboat on the Potomac river recalls to a correspondent the similar experience of a distinguished and intelligent colored man at a hotel in New Jersey near half a century ago,—the results being more creditable to all parties than those of the present incident, and the whole story is quite worthy of repetition as a lesson still needed by our people. In 1824, Gen. Boyer, the President of Hayti, sent M. Matthew Granville to this country as an agent to solicit and facilitate the emigration to that country of our free colored people. (The colony of American blacks at Samana found by the San Domingo commissioners is one of the results of that mission.) M. Granville was a well educated and intelligent gentleman, with a complexion not greatly differing from that of Frederick Douglass. He landed at Philadelphia, and came on to New York. On his way he stopped at a hotel at New Brunswick for supper, and sat down to the table in company with some fifty or sixty persons. M. Granville happened to be seated next to a U. S. naval officer, who was entirely ignorant of M. Granville's rank and character. When the officer observed M. Granville at his tide, he remarked, "Sir, are you not aware that it is not customary for white and colored people to eat at at the same table." To this remark M. Granville made no reply. The officer then repeated his remark in a more offensive form, and rose from the table, declaring that "he would not eat with a negro." M. Granville then rose and requested the officer to resume his seat, and addressed the company as follows: "I am informed that it is contrary to the custom of this country for white and colored people to eat at the same table. I am a stranger, gentleman, from Hayti, and my ignorance of the custom must be my apology." He then left the table, and as he was leaving it he observed the epaulette upon the shoulder of the officer, and said to him: "Sir, I also am an officer in my own country, and if I were there it would be my duty to take into custody those Haytiens who insult strangers." Immediately more than half of the company left the table, and went to the proprietor of the house and requested him to set a table where they might have the pleasure of eating with M. Granville. The sequel to this incident was that the next morning the officer, convinced of his mistake, wrote an apology to the Haytien, and received in return this laconic and noble reply: "Sir! I write insults in the sand—favors on the marble." Subsequently, M. Granville, in alluding to this matter, wrote; "The officer of the American navy, with whom this unpleasant affair occurred, behaved the next day in the most noble manner; and if history has not already handed down to posterity the renown of American gallantry, the conduct of this officer would alone suffice to proclaim it, for one must be truly magnanimous to atone for one's faults, when everything conspires to commit them with impunity." In commenting on this affair, the journal of the day from which this story is taken, says: "If this is a specimen of Haytien manners, it will not be amiss to send some of our young men to Hayti that they may learn how to behave themselves like gentlemen and Christians." The name of this naval officer is not given, but from subsequent allusions to the matter by M. Granville, I suppose him to have been Commodore McKeever.

How to Get a Dinner.

A party who traveled about pretty extensively was greatly perplexed to understand how it was that other persons were waited upon promptly and well served at the hotels, while he was almost entirely ignored, and could scarcely obtain a square meal, complain to and swear at the waiters as he might. At last his eyes were opened to the dodge of feeing the waiters liberally, and being of an ingenious turn of mind, he determined to improve on the plan.

The next hotel he dined at, he took his seat very pompously at the table, and took out a well filled pocket-book, extracted therefrom a ten dollar bill, which he laid on the white cloth beside his plate, and placed his goblet upon it. In an instant, almost, he was surrounded by waiters, who seemed to vie with each other in attentions. Every wish was anticipated, and all the delicacies of the kitchen and pantry were placed before him in tempting array.

Having fared as sumptuously as a prince (to the envy of many of the other guests), he took up the greenback, and beckoning to the nearest waiter, was immediately besieged by a half dozen or so. Holding the bill in one hand, he pointed to it with the other, and inquired of the crowd:

"Do you see that bill?"

"Oh! yes, sir!" they all exclaimed in chorus.

"Then take a good look at it," he replied, "for you will never see it again." Saying which he departed, leaving the waiters aghast.

☞A man at Peabody who has been treated for more than a year for paralysis of the throat, and who was for some time able to take only liquid nourishment, recently coughed up an upper set of false teeth, which he had swallowed in his sleep fifteen months before, and which, lodging in the lower part of his throat, had been the cause of all his troubles. The teeth were missed at the time, hunted for, but never found and nobody had suspected the place of their concealment.

☞A Boston minister says he once preached on "The Recognition of Friends in the Future," and was told after service by a hearer, that it would be more to the point to preach about the recognition of friends here, as he had been in the church twenty years and didn't know any of its members.

☞More flies are caught with a drop of honey than a hogshead of vinegar.

Our Young Folks' Column.

IF.

If I were a school teacher like Miss Snapp,
And she were a scholar like me,
O gracious, what lessons I'd give her to learn,
What sums in the Rule of three!
And how, if she didn't forever behave
In just the most saintly of ways,
Her ears should be slapped and her bunns locked up
Her recess withheld for days!

If I were as clever as Laura Sharp,
And she were as stupid as I,
What thorough delight it would give me to act
As monitor, meddler, and spy.
And how I should tattle of all that she did,
In Laura's contemptible style,
And smile, when she blundered in spelling or French,
That horrid, unmerciful smile!

If I were a beauty like Rosa Bell,
And she were a fright like myself,
What saucy remarks I should constantly make
To vex her,—the proud little elf!
What fun I should poke at her freckles, her nose,
Her elbows, her knuckles, her hair,
And all with that delicate titter of hers,
That stingingly lady-like air!

But then I am merely supposing, of course,
Impossible things. Who can tell
What truly would happen if truly I were
Miss Snapp, Laura Sharp, Rosa Bell?
Perhaps I should pity (revenge is so mean!)
And help them and love them, all three,
And do unto others as I myself should
That others should do unto me!

A Lot of Puzzles.

"Two brothers," began the professor impressively, addressing the hostess, "were walking together down the street, and one of them, stopping at a certain house, knocked at the door, observing, "I have a niece here, who is ill." "Thank heaven," observed the other, "I have got no niece;" and he walked away. "Now, how could that be?"

"Why, it's a riddle," exclaimed Mr. Funnidog, delightedly.

"And one that you will not guess in a hurry, simple as it is," observed the professor confidently. "Come, ladies and gentlemen, solve the problem."

"I see——," ejaculated Mrs. Housewife.

"Hush! whisper in my ear," cried Puzzleton, with all the excitement of a child with a toy. "Don't let 'em hear it. 'Niece *by marriage*?' Stuff and nonsense. The thing is not any foolish kind of catch at all," and once more he glanced with hostility at Funnidog, as much as to say, "such as *he* would ask you." Nothing can be simpler than my question. "I've got a niece here, that's ill," says one brother. "Thank heaven, I have not got a niece." says the other. How can that be? You all give it up? Well the invalid was his *daughter*."

"Oh, I *see*," said Mrs. Housewife despondingly. "How very stupid in us not to find it out."

"Yes, indeed, ma'am," answered the remorseless savant. "The failure only shows how difficult it is for ordinary minds to grasp more than one idea at the same time. The attention is solely fixed on the different varieties of nieces,"

"And also," observed Mr. Aloes, (who was much displeased at being classed among 'ordinary minds,') "and also, the attention is naturally distracted from the point at issue by the brutality of the father's remark. Now, that is in itself a 'catch,' in my opinion."

"Well, sir, I will give you another simple exercise for the understanding, that has no such distracting element," observed the professor coolly. "A blind beggar had a brother. The brother died. What relation were they to one another? Come, tell me *that*."

"Why, they were brothers," exclaimed the colonel, with the rapidity of a small boy at the bottom of his class, who hopes to gain promotion.

"No, sir," answered the professor, regarding Thunderbomb with interest, as a significant type of some low order of intelligence; "they were not brothers, or I should scarcely have asked the question."

"They might be brothers-*in-law*," suggested Funnidog.

"Undoubtedly, they might be," replied Puzzleton, with a pitying smile; but they were not."

"Stop a bit," said Macpherson hurriedly like one who has not got his answer quite ready, but yet doesn't wish to be anticipated. "The blind beggar, you say, had a brother, and the brother *died*. Well, of course, if one was *dead*, you know, they could not be brothers any longer."

"The idea is novel," observed the professor gravely, "but you have not hit upon the exact solution. The fact is, gentlemen and ladies, a blind beggar may be either male or female. In this instance, she was a female. They were brother and sister."

"I call *that* a catch," said Aloes gloomily.

"Well, at all events, it was an easy one, and you all missed it," returned the professor, with quiet triumph. "Now, I will give you one more example of social arithmetic, which shall be in all respects *bona fide*. It is a simple question in subtraction, and all I ask of you is—since two or three guesses would arrive at the truth by mere elimination—to write down the reply on paper. A man went to a cobbler's and bought a pair of boots for sixteen shillings. He put down a sovereign, and the cobbler, having no change, sent for it to a neighboring public house, and gave it to him. Later in the day, the landlord of the inn sent in to say that the sovereign was a bad one, and insisted on the cobbler making it right; which he accordingly did. Now, how much did the cobbler lose by the whole transaction? Ther is no sort of play upon words, or anything but a common sum in arithmetic."

"Why, it's the easiest thing in the world," ejaculated Housewife. "Of course the cobbler lost just——"

"Be quiet, sir!" cried Puzzleton, very angrily. "Write it down, will you—if you *can* write."

"Scratch a Professor, and you find aT artar," whispered Aloes. "You had better do as he wishes."

So we all wrote down what we imagined to be the loss which the cobbler had sustained; and it was wonderful how opinions differed within such narrow limits.

The colonel made him lose two pounds.

Mr Aloes made him lose just a pound and the boots.

Mr. Funnidog made him lose just six-and-thirty shillings.

Mr. Macpherson made him lose sixteen shillings and the boots, minus the profit he made upon the boots—which, said the professor, it was not necessary to take into consideration.

Mr. Scale Hill, who used to investigate the bills of extortionate Swiss landlords, set down the loss with confidence at twelve shillings and the boots.

Mr. Smooth Smyler wrote: "I am not sure, but it seems to me he only lost eight shillings; besides the boots and his temper."

Housewife wrote: "Why, *of course* he lost the boots and twenty-four shillings."

Mrs. Housewife and the ladies bit their pens, but declined to commit themselves.

"They had never had been taught," they said, "the Rule of Three,"

"You are all wrong," said the professor quietly, "as I expected you would be. The way to get at the matter is to consider what is gained. The landlord and the whole story of his changing the sovereign, may be taken out of the question. The buyer of the boots gets in exchange for his bad sovereign four shillings and a pair of boots, and that is just what the cobbler loses."

"If one only had a room to one's self, and the whole day before to do it in," sighed Mrs. Housewife, "I think I could answer any of these things."

"Very good, ma'am," said the professor, "then answer me this, when I come to see you next: A man bought twelve herrings for a shilling; some were twopence apiece, some a halfpenny, and some a farthing—how many did he buy at each price?"

Teach the Little Girls.

Teaching children to work is about the hardest kind of work. Most mothers are unwilling to take the time and trouble necessary to teach their daughter's the little womanly arts of sewing, knitting, crocheting, and the simpler kinds of embroidery. It is left for some one else to take the trouble, if they are so fortunate as to secure a teacher. Often the little one looks on with longing eyes to the nimble fingers of a young companion, who can fashion such beautiful things with a crochet needle and ball of bright wool. The common tasks of picking up chips, wiping dishes and dusting rooms, seem such mere drudgery in comparison. Some little variation of this sort would greatly brighten the dull days. We have too little patience in teaching children. If they could learn all at one lesson, we should be satisfied; but they tire after a few moments' practice, and wish to turn to something else. They are sure to take up a stitch wrong after we have told them dozen of times, and so we lose our own patience and the child quickly follows the example.

The Way a Boy Wakes Up.

It is morning. Daylight streams into the windows; the sun shines on the hilltops. The sounds of stirring life are beginning to be heard about the house. Watch the boy. Still and motionless as a figure of marble. As you look, the gates of sleep are suddenly unlocked. He is awake in a twinkling—awake all over. His blue eyes are wide open and bright—his lips part with a shout—his legs fly out in different directions—his arms in rapid motion—he flops over with a spring—in ten seconds he has turned a couple of somersaults, and presents before you a living illustration of perpetual motion. There is no deliberate yawning, no stretching of indolent limbs, no lazy rubbing of sleepy eyes, no gradually becoming awake about it. With a snap like a pistol shot, he is thoroughly awake and kicking—wide awake to the top end of each particular hair.

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